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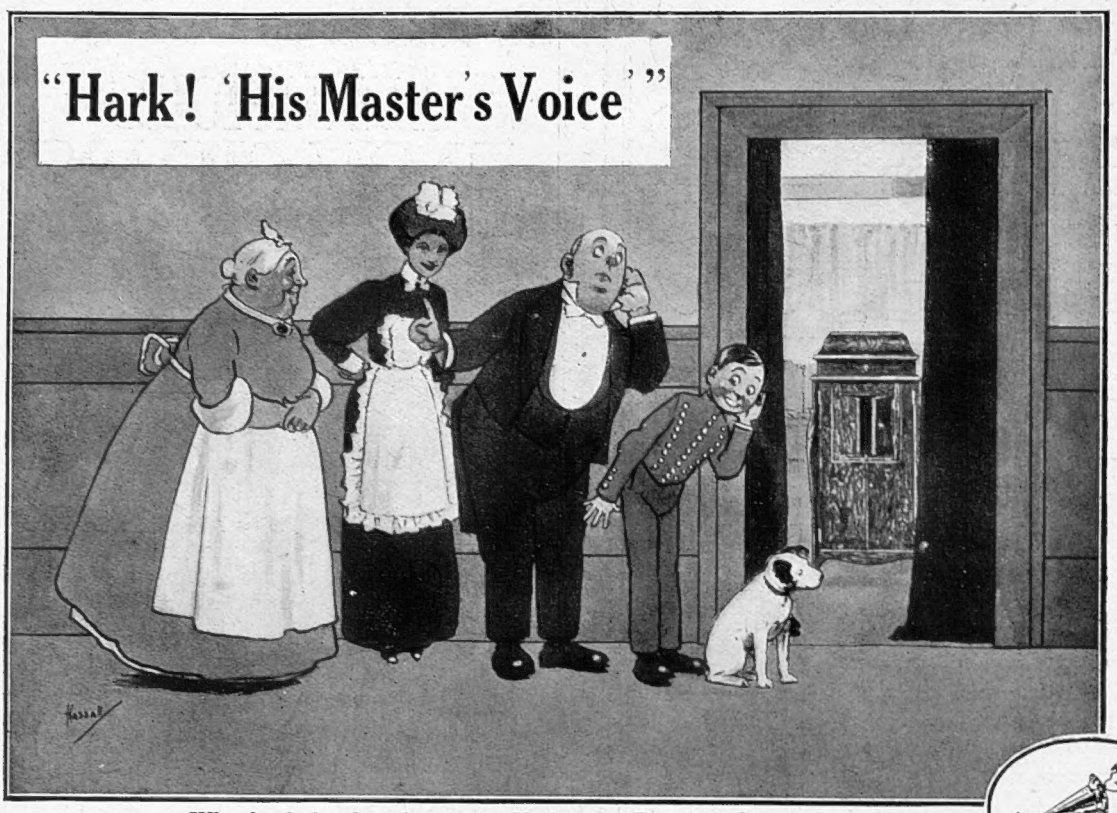


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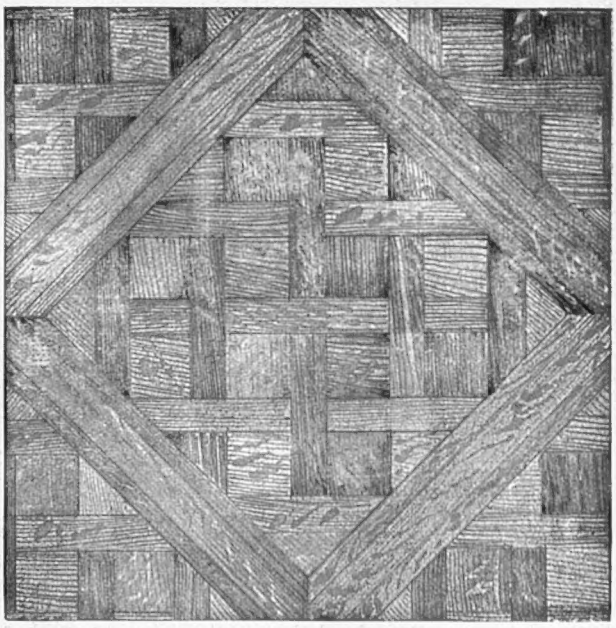

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Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 469.—Vol. XXXVI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, November 27, 1912 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

*Photograph* *C.N. War Staff*

## "WHAT HO, WITHOUT THERE!"

British Bluejackets signalling to warships from the roof of the British Embassy at Constantinople. We do not know that the exclamation quoted above is technically applicable, but it seems to be, and we leave it at that

# BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL *(modified)*

**Nazim the Peacemaker**

The news that Nazim Pasha had been appointed Turkish peace plenipotentiary seemed probable enough, seeing how much that worthy personage had already done to make peace possible. It transpired, however, that it was not he at all, but another gentleman with a similar name. One more has been added to the "bloomers," the number of which is making this war as unpopular with sub-editors as it is with some of the belligerents.

***

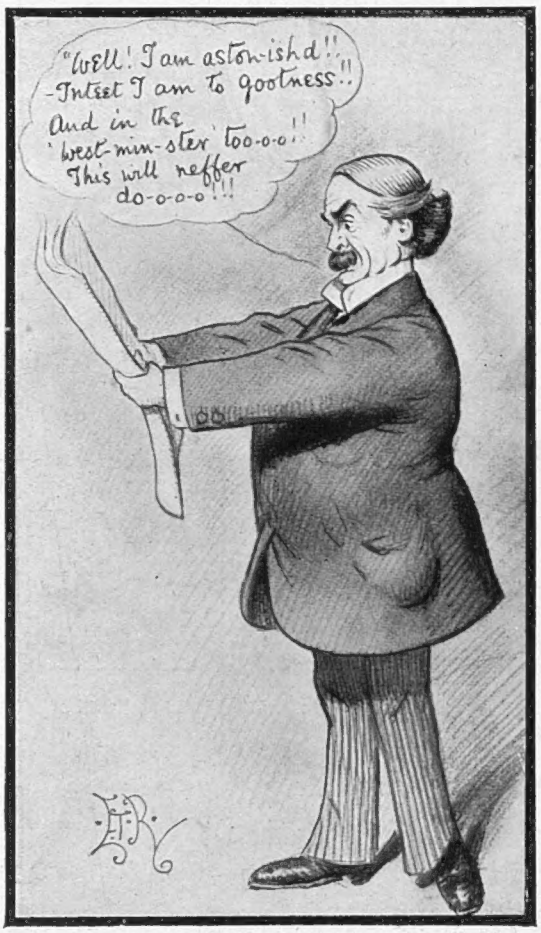
**An Absent-Minded War**

From Fleet Street's point of view it has been altogether an absent-minded war. In the first instance, it happened, I am informed by a leading editor, six weeks before even the best-informed had expected it. Then it developed altogether against the prophecies of the military experts, no one of whom tipped the winner. Even after Kirk-Kilisse, no war expert had a glimmering notion that the Bulgars would ignore Adrianople and go for the capital. As to any anticipation that the despised Serbs would become masters of Macedonia and the Greeks of Salonika, there was none. The one State which, it was expertly conceded, might pull a plum or two out of the pudding (Montenegro) has not captured more than the tiniest of currants.

***

**Exiled Pressmen**

To continue the tale of woe, a complete lack of foresight marked the despatch of so many picked correspondents to the Bulgarian headquarters, regardless of the chance that they might be sequestered far from the front, and forbidden to be the sharers of even officially inspired reports of battles. To Lieut. Wagner, of the *Reichspost*—a person who does not, I believe, really exist—was given a monopoly of the news of even battles that did not take place. From the rich man's table fell to the poor war correspondent no crumbs. Instead of being sent to the front, the front took itself off and delivered itself into the hands of the Constantinople fellows, who, I believe, were not "special war," but merely "our own" correspondents, none of them, with the exception of Mr. Donohoe, of the *Chronicle*, experienced campaigners.




**The following verse—last of a poem entitled "From Exile"—appeared in the "Westminster," of November 19:—**

The Eastern Moon is silvering the world with mystic light;
A myriad crickets carol, a myriad fanes gleam white:
But O for the hush o' the little Welsh cove,
Where the fragrant night air whispers faintly above,
And the wee waves caress thee, Tresilian.

*(Our cartoon suggests the emotions of a certain personage on reading the third line)*

(By E. T. Reed)

***

**Canards on Toast**

As to minor errors and canards, they have been numerous. There was, you remember, the "capture of the well-known statesman, Mustapha Pasha." There was the "annihilation," by the Turks, of first a Servian, then a Bulgarian regiment in the passes. Kirk-Kilisse was brilliantly "recaptured" by the Turks. Nazim won a "great victory" at Lule Burgas. There was the three-day battle before Chataldja (before there *was* any battle before Chataldja); the capture of 50,000 Turks at Monastir; the fall of Adrianople (concealed by the modest Bulgars), which Mr. Hands sent us from Bucharest. Salonika was "captured" several times before it was actually taken.

***

**Passing of the "Expert"**

Yes, it has been an absent-minded war, but I think the newspaper person who comes out of it least well is the "military expert." The only people who seem to have been anywhere nearly right about the prospects were the "vain visionaries," the mischievous idealists in their armchairs, who, wanting a Christian victory, said and believed that there would be one.

***

**Poor Mr. Asquith**

Mr. Asquith. . . . I wish I could see red and green and purple and have guttural sounds rise in my throat when I write this name. . . . Mr. Asquith, the traitorous, dollar-dictated, revolutionary tyrant, who stifles free speech in Parliament. . . . Mr. Asquith——. Let me see, what *has* he done this week? Something that seems to have kept his Cabinet in

office, anyway, which is, I suppose, the greatest offence of which any Prime Minister can be guilty in the eyes of the Opposition. Sir Frederick Banbury's brilliant manœuvre has had the effect of losing about a fortnight of the Government's time, the chief Bill to go being that which is to deal drastically with the feeble-minded. A natural enough sacrifice. The Government cannot have been suicidal enough to be sincere in their desire to pass this Bill. (This is not as horrid as we should have liked to be, but it gets rid of this Asquith par, anyway.)

***

**The War in the Train**

Invited to state how far the war seems to interest the "man in the train," our contributor, JOURNEYMAN, replies:

"Certainly it interests him. Whereas before it was usual to preface the golf talk with a remark about the weather only, it is now usual to add an observation—generally uncompleted—about the war. Thus: It's a nice morning. . . . The Turks seem. . . . Play on Saturday? Rather. Went round, etc., etc., etc."

This seems conclusive.

***

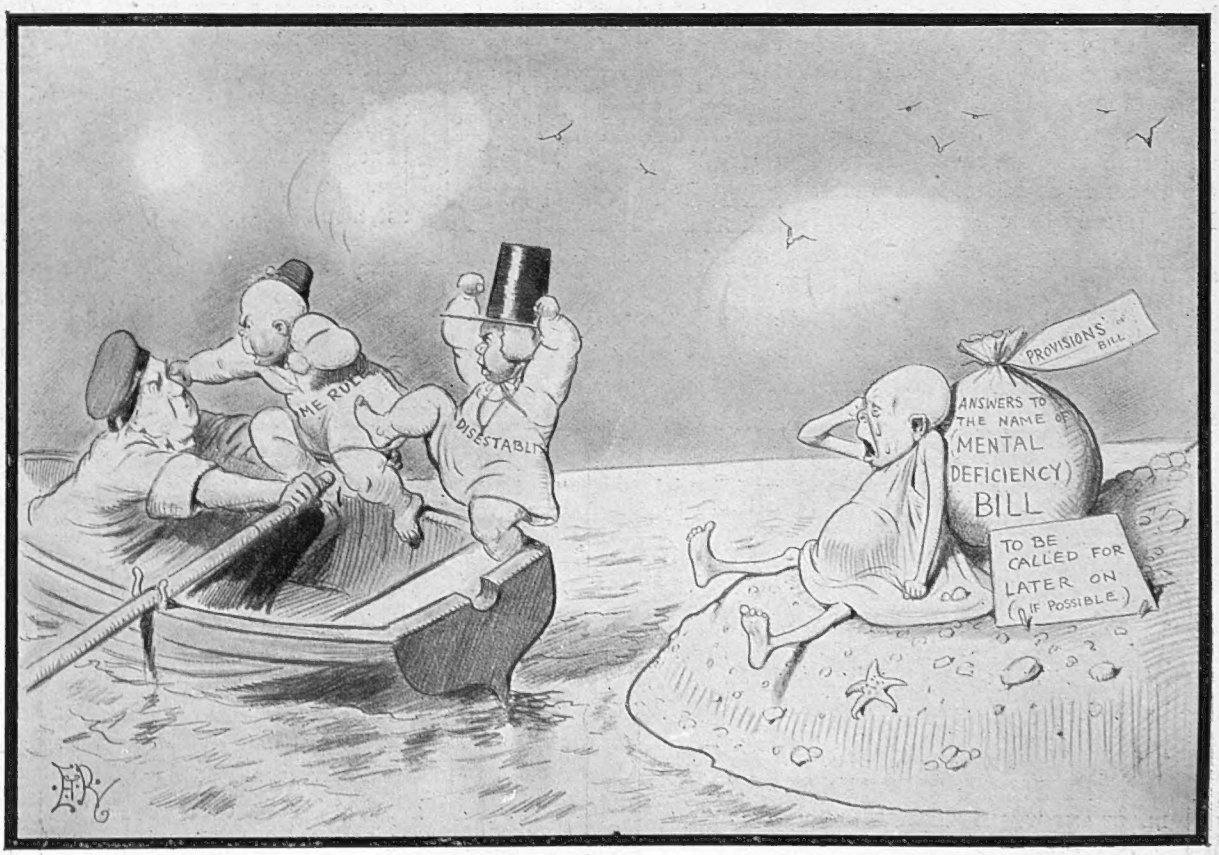
**A London Traffic Scandal**

Is any reader of THE BYSTANDER, by chance, a user of the Embankment tram service? If so, has he noticed that about one in six of the trams which enter the Embankment, either at the Blackfriars or the Westminster end, traverses its entire length? THE BYSTANDER, who would fain use the tramway to take him from Whitefriars to his club or to the Parliament House, has at last had to give it up. His experience is, generally, to wait for from five to ten minutes watching a procession of empty trams which are either going to turn back again at Blackfriars or, at Westminster, to go only as far as Somerset House. The chief argument in favour of the Embankment trams was that they provided a quick transit between the City and Westminster, and so relieved the stream in Fleet Street and the Strand. The rarity of the trams which traverse the whole length of the Embankment makes the service useless as a central London convenience, however valuable it may be to take workpeople to the suburbs. If this is a specimen of what we are to expect under municipal control, then Allah save us from it!

***

**"The Bystander Annual"**

Readers who desire to escape from all allusions to the war and other non-festive topics are recommended to try a dose of the mixture known as THE BYSTANDER ANNUAL, which acts for us, this year, in the capacity of our Christmas Number, and is on sale at the end of this week. It is an extraordinary production—we mean it is extra to the ordinary number—and contains as many laughs as is good for anybody even in these sombre times. The only topicality concerns the Suffrage Question, which has a long short story devoted to it, entitled "A Maiden Speech," and also an exceedingly humorous coloured plate by Mr. Lawson Wood, "Christmas Day in Holloway." Pros and Antis will be respectively pleased and displeased. THE BYSTANDER ANNUAL is just the sort of thing, by the way, to get and post out to those sons and nephews and cousins abroad. If bought at once it will reach those who are not too far away just in time for the so-called festive season.




MAROONED

DESERTED BILL: "Boo-hoo-hoo-oo!! O-o-oh! if i'd o-o-nly been a b-b-bit more c-c-contentious!!!"

*BY E. T. REED*

# "The Dog who has Fought for a Bone"

## WHY BULGARIA WILL HOLD OUT

BY ARTHUR F. SHIRREFF

*(Our Special Correspondent in Sofia)*

THE military experts of the British Press are saying, I see, that when the war is over Bulgaria will be so exhausted that she must do what the Great Powers wish. Needless to say, this is pure, undiluted rubbish.

Bulgaria to-day, after her great struggle with Turkey, is considerably stronger than before the first shot was fired. I will give several reasons to prove this—which reasons also apply to Servia. First of all, owing to the unexpected shortness of the campaign, Bulgaria has spent very little of her ready cash; she still has a good balance in hand, so she is in no need of money.

Her army has had enough fighting to put a keen edge on its training, and is consequently, if possible, fitter than ever. Both officers and men have proved themselves, and are now like a well-trained football team which has shaken down together, and which plays like one man.

The losses in killed and wounded have been heavy, but not so heavy as many people imagine. A very large percentage are only slightly wounded; these will soon be fit to take the field again. Furthermore, an enormous number of men are available to fill the gaps, now that Macedonia is free. Every Macedonian can use a rifle, and will rush to fight for his deliverers should it be necessary for him to do so.

Bulgaria and her allies have not conquered Macedonia and annexed it, as Alsace-Loraine was taken from the French. Macedonia has been liberated, which is a very different thing; therefore no troops are required to hold the country as the Turks held it. Consequently, Bulgaria will be able to bring every man she can arm against a possible northern foe. The wear and tear in military equipment has been more than made good, free of expense, or rather at the expense of the Turks, who have lost to the Bulgarian troops immense quantities of brand new equipment, from siege and field guns to cartridge-belts and boots; in fact, at the moment of writing, eighty guns have just been captured. These guns were still in their packing-cases, just as they came from the makers; they were sent straight on to the front, where the Turks had no time to unpack and put them together. In a previous article I have explained that so far as food is concerned Bulgaria could fight for two years without feeling the pinch. Finally, although the people have taken their successes with a quiet dignity, still there is a new feeling in the Balkans—a feeling of conscious strength, almost of defiance, as much as to say, let anyone dare rob us of our hard won gains. In fact, Bulgaria is very like a young dog who has fought for, and secured, a fine bone; anyone trying to snatch this bone will get such a nip as will astonish him. ARTHUR F. SHIRREFF

IN THE FRONT SEAT OF THE THEATRE OF WAR

(King Ferdinand in the matinée hat of a Bulgarian General)

There has been some uneasiness among spectators in the European Theatre as to the height of the headgear now being worn by certain personages in front seats. If the hats grow any higher, there may be a general demand for their removal, as the rest of the house does not want its view of the spectacular melodrama, "The Near East," too completely obliterated. Whether the removal will be agreed to is, in the present exalted temper of the wearer, extremely doubtful


# The Bystander Annual, 1912

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Daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Portland

THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND

Who are entertaining their Majesties at Welbeck Abbey until Friday

Welbeck Abbey, where their Majesties are spending this week, is the home of the Duke and Duchess of Portland, who should feel more than ordinarily honoured by this sign of Royal favour, for they are the only representatives of English ducal houses whom the King and Queen have honoured by a visit. The Duchess's stature, however, is such that it scarcely needed this to add to her dignity of carriage. The Bystander wonders upon whom the honour of becoming the son-in-law of the Duke and Duchess will really be conferred, for Lady Victoria Bentinck is now in her twenty-third year. The King and Queen remain at Welbeck until Friday, when they return to Windsor for ten days

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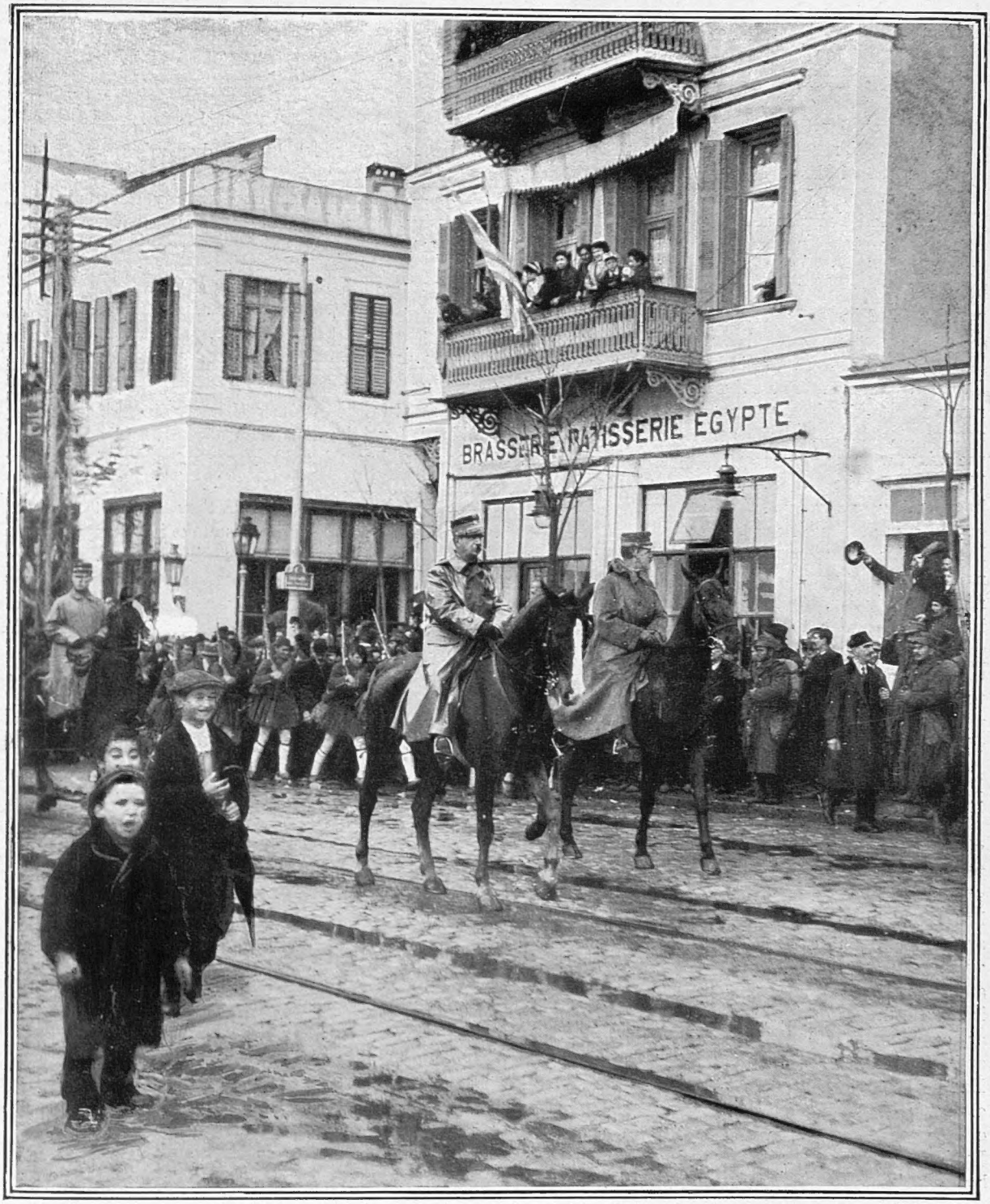
# The Greatest Surprise of a War

## WHICH HAS BEEN MADE UP OF GREAT SURPRISES




KING GEORGE OF GREECE RIDING, AS A VICTOR, INTO SALONIKA

Among the many things that have surprised the world during the war of 1912, perhaps the greatest of all is the Greek capture of Salonika. Many people were prepared for some, if not all, of the Bulgarian successes, but that the Greeks would make any headway, least of all to re-Christianise Thessalonica, the home of Cicero, and one of the strongholds of Byzantium captured from the Cross a thousand years ago, that was never for a moment anticipated, even by the allies of the Greeks themselves. The Bulgarians, on hearing the Greeks were at Salonika, sent an army there, too, and the question, "Under which King?" threatens trouble between the allies after the war. Among the Powers supporting the Greeks is the Kaiser, who, strangely for him, sent a telegram. The Greek King is, furthermore, the uncle of both the Tsar and our own monarch, who are likely to see that he has justice done him. Whether Austria will acquiesce in a Greek annexation of her outlet to the Ægean yet remains to be seen. History has not done with Salonika yet

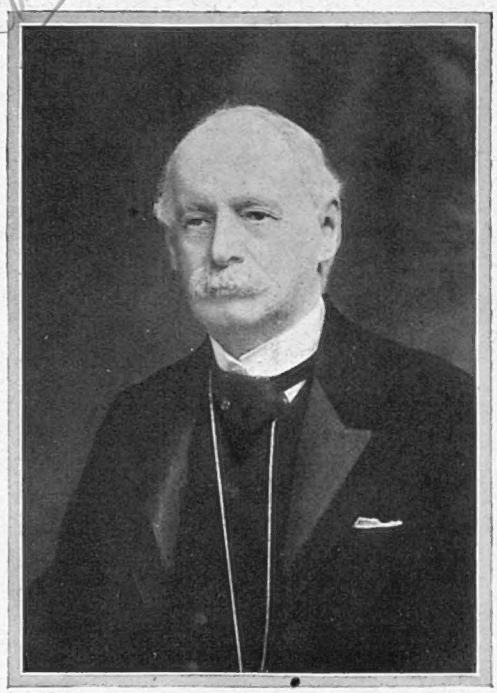
# The Bystander in Society

### Retirements at Court

GENERAL regret is felt at Court at the retirement of three of the most popular officials, namely, Lord Knollys, Sir Charles Frederick, and Sir Frederick Ponsonby. Lord Knollys, as a matter of fact, resigned before the Coronation, but His Majesty prevailed upon him to give his valuable assistance for the time being, and so the position of Private Secretary has not hitherto been filled up. Few understand how really onerous have been the duties which Lord Knollys has carried out for so many years. The Private Secretary's work is never done, and it is of so confidential a nature that, next to the King, he who fills the office knows more of the things which matter than any man in the kingdom. He opens the dispatch-bags and goes through the contents with the monarch, hearing his views, taking notes, and afterwards inditing replies to a junior. Thus, he is conversant with the inner working of the machinery of the Empire, and has an intimate acquaintance with our political and other relations with Foreign Powers.

### Onerous Duties

He sends out command invitations, dispatches thanks to individuals and companies, and he receives the numberless persons who call by appointment in connection with the many engagements and projects in which the King is interested. The duties, then, are confidential and onerous, and the retirement of Lord Knollys at seventy-four years of age is because he feels he can no longer carry them out. Lord Knollys's successor in office is Lord Stamfordham, better known, perhaps, as Sir Arthur Bigge.



*Photograph* *Langfier*

LORD KNOLLYS

Who, at the ripe age of seventy-four, is retiring from his onerous duties as Private Secretary to the King. Lord Knollys's successor is Lord Stamfordham, better known as Sir Arthur Bigge

### Royal Guests

In no kindlier manner could His Majesty have shown his appreciation of the care and hospitality extended to his Royal heir by the Marquis and Marquise de Breteuil during his stay in Paris, than by inviting them to be his guests for the first shoot of the season at Windsor. Not, perhaps, quite so convenient, at this present moment, will the command have been to Lord and Lady Grey, who were also of the Royal party, for there must needs have been many things for them to arrange with regard to the marriage of their daughter, Lady Evelyn, which took place last Saturday (November 23); but *noblesse oblige*—and those attached to any Court must, of necessity, reckon family affairs as a secondary consideration.

### The Modern Way

Nowadays a constant source of complaint is the utter inability to get answers to invitations. One youthful hostess tor a "Pantomime Ball" dinner has sent out *forty* invitations and has had *six* answers, and she is still waiting to hear if a certain Prince of the "blood Royal," a Russian diplomat, and an Italian attaché will partake of the simple fare her kitchen can provide. There is little doubt they intend to accept, and so take it for granted that silence gives consent. Punctilio in these matters has, apparently, died a natural death, and the safest invitations in modern days are those given on the telephone, and accepted or refused on the spot! And, even then, there is always that mysterious little engagement book which nobody ever seems to have by them.

### Toujours la Grande Duchesse

*Toujours Perdrix!* In this case, *toujours la Grande Duchesse*—for every dinner-party of importance during the past week has been in honour of the Grand Duchess Vladimir, and other doings have been chiefly on behalf of charities. On Tuesday night the Grand Duchess was the guest of Mr. Anthony Drexel at 55, Grosvenor Street, when about twenty of his friends were invited to meet her. To all intents and purposes, indeed, all this entertaining is merely a repetition of what was done for her in Paris.

### Wintering in Egypt

Lady Ashby St. Ledgers, who has been doing quite a good deal of quiet entertaining lately at Wimborne House, is making arrangements to go to Egypt after Christmas, when not a few others will follow her example; the Duchess of Rutland, with Lady Diana Manners, intends to spend some time there, and Lady Colebrooke, who is just now at her Paris flat, will join the Princesse Edmonde de Polignac, and they will, as at present planned, go up the Nile in a dahabeeah.

# A German-American Wedding

*Photograph* *Val L'Estrange*

MRS. CHARLES WILKINS SHORT

Formerly the Countess Camilla Hoyos, whose marriage took place last Tuesday to Mr. Charles Wilkins Short, an American architect, of Ohio, U.S.A. Mrs. Short is by birth German and by education English, and she does not retain her title after her marriage

## THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY (*continued*)

### The Younger Generation

Lady Colebrooke had hoped to be accompanied by her younger daughter, Miss Bridget Colebrooke, but that young lady, with the independence of the girl of to-day, has decreed to return to England. Indeed, the spirit of the modern young person is amazing. I wonder, for instance, what their grandmothers of the early Victorian age would have said to the well-known young Society lady who, accompanied only by another girl-friend, made an extensive tour in the East after the Durbar. Being by nature optimistic and only nine years old next December, the Bystander is, of course, thoroughly sympathetic.

### Salmon and Speculation

Already arrangements are being made for taking salmon rivers and grouse moors for next autumn. Lord Ancaster was recently asked to let Drummond Castle to a wealthy Dundee man, but he refused to do so. The history of the rise in fortune of the applicant reads like a romance. A few years ago, being very hard up, he sold a "Raeburn" for £2,000 to a well-known London dealer, and, merely as a speculation, straightway invested the money in rubber, very much in the spirit that a gambler throws his last Napoleon on "rouge" or "noir." Luck was with him, and his £2,000 realised £80,000, which increased still more, so that now his desires can rise to lordly halls and rich preserves. But even an offer of £50,000 did not tempt Lord Ancaster.

HANDICAPPED—BUT A GOOD SHOT

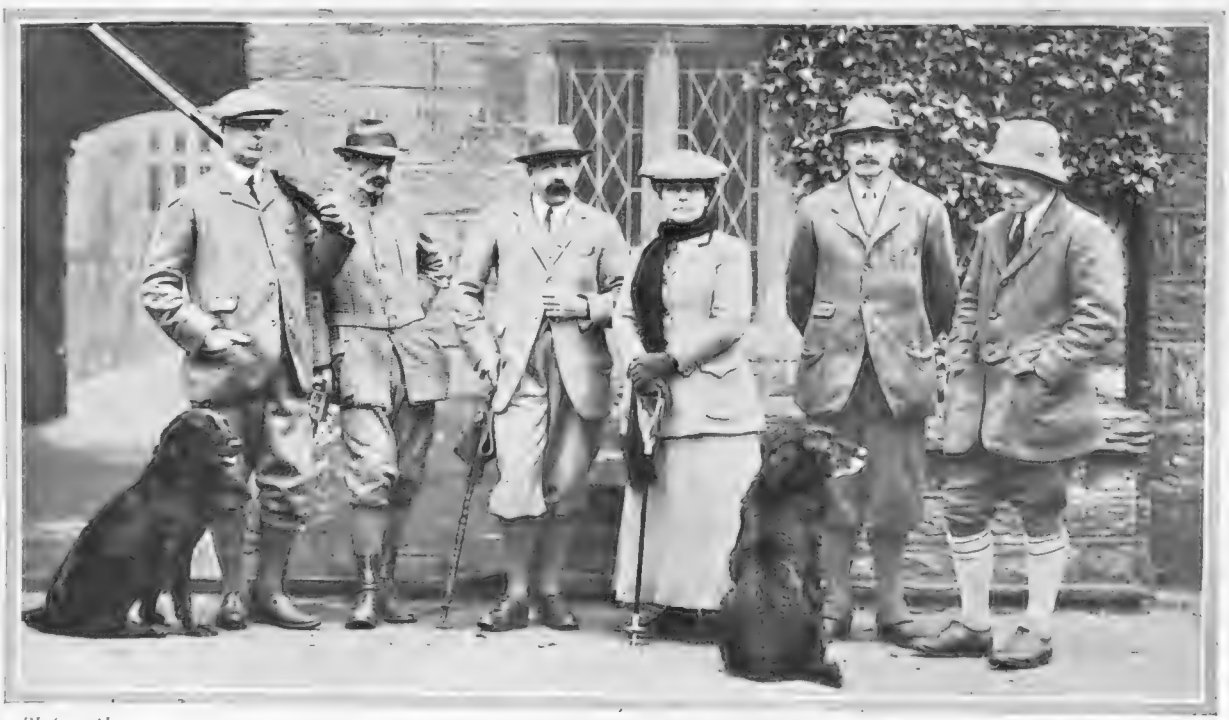
Captain Kirby, who was shot through the spine during the South African war, and is, in consequence, unable to walk, enjoys some shooting from his pony cart with Lord Harlech's party at Glyn last week

### Unfortunate Purchases

Not a few of those peers who, some few months ago, realised all the capital they could lay hands on in order to invest in Canadian real estate, are beginning to repent them of their bargain, for they find the land hardly worth the money paid for it. The Duke of Sutherland and Lord Rothes are both feeling quite "down on their luck" about it, and realise that they "have paid rather dearly for their whistle." The former is, therefore, more than ever desirous of letting Dunrobin on a five years' lease. Probably by the end of that period he may have found someone to relieve him of part of his Canadian estate. At any rate, the Duke is a far-seeing man, and one who knows how to get the full value out of any property he may own.

### Another Grievance

Probably, however, had English noblemen realised the value of Canadian land before, they might not have left so much of it to Americans! Mr. Lloyd George, in fact, who, by his unwelcome attentions, forced their steps into pastures new, came several years too late. Another grievance against Wales!



*Photographs* *Sport and General*

*From left to right are:* Lord Harlech, Colonel Macksen, Mr. Edward Oakeley, Lady Harlech, Major Arthur Lloyd, and Mr. G. F. Hammick

SOME MEMBERS OF LORD HARLECH'S SHOOTING-PARTY AT GLYN, NEAR HARLECH

MAKING PUPPETS OF THE POWERS

To exhibitors at the Doll Show, held last week at 47, Brook Street, the Powers of Europe (great and small) are evidently of no account save to form models for a puppet show. The group above shown represent the Balkan Allies, the Turk, and the Great Powers, and were dressed by Mrs. Berlein and Mrs. Jackson

**Real Charity**

In London, at any rate, Christmas purchases are by no means confined to shopping, for many of the most prominent Society leaders are kept busy for weeks beforehand laying in supplies of warm garments to be given away among poor people they are interested in. All day last Tuesday, from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m., there was a constant stream of visitors at Sunderland House, to buy very homely, uninteresting garments, woolly, thick, quite inartistic, but none the less most useful, made by the Duchess of Marlborough's *protegées*, the wives of prisoners. Surely no more noble a work could have been devised than that which is carried on at Endsleigh Street?

**Personal Interest**

It was, moreover, the outcome of many months of strenuous investigation made by the Duchess in person as to the condition of the families of those undergoing punishment in prison. After all, if you are very wealthy, it is as easy as it is dangerous to be indiscriminately charitable. So all the more honour to those who put not only their purses, but their brains, at the disposal of charity.

**Royal Dolls**

If the English love a lord they positively worship a prince, and even dolls that have had their origin in Royal palaces, as far as their toilettes go, at any rate, are considered to be something far more exclusive and *recherché* than the ordinary doll of everyday life. For instance, at the Children's Happy Evening Doll Show the other afternoon the dolls sent by Queen Mary were displayed on a bier-like erection, wreathed in smilax and set in the middle of the Persian Hall of Lady Bland-Sutton's charming house. And far removed from this aristocratic group, crowded behind the pillars, were the subject dolls, many of them really far more beautiful than these high-born puppets.

HER INDEFATIGABLE GRACE

The Duchess of Marlborough presiding at her stall, on the occasion of her Grace's Annual Christmas Sale of Work done by the wives of men in prison, which was held at Sunderland House, on Tuesday of last week

**A Reflection**

One does not, of course, grudge these their prominent and exclusive position, but it seemed a pity not to be able to see the many others a little more distinctly. But, then, as most people came to see the Queen's dolls, and having seen them appeared more than willing to go out again, I suppose that all is, still, for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

**Poor Entente Cordiale!**

Apropos of the ever-burning question of Public School education, which even the upper classes are beginning to consider somewhat defective, here is a good story—and a true one, too—that throws a charming light on the way modern languages are taught in one of the most famous schools in the country. A boy had been spending his summer holiday in France, and being "put on" to read at the first French lesson of the autumn term, endeavoured to pronounce the words somewhat after the manner of the inhabitants. But such accentuating did not at all meet the views of the enlightened master. "Now, my boy!" he said, "none of that side here! We'll have it pronounced in the ordinary way, *if* you please!"

# "War Supplies": A Thracian Pastorale

Over the plains they are driven, too — also to die, like the men whose food they will be butchered to make. But whereas armies of men die thus but once in a generation, it is the fate of these armies of dumb creatures to be driven year in and year out to their death, regardless of whether the time is one of peace or of war

# Whipping and the White Slave Traffic

## THE CASE AGAINST THE BIRCH. BY DOWNWRITER

*(Our contributor's views are not necessarily those of the Editor)*

I HAVE contained myself on this Whipping Question long enough. Last week I read in the *Daily Mail* a letter of over half a column, signed "John Bingham," which was practically a panegyric on the subject of the birch for adults. The letter coming from Sheffield, I was inclined to treat it as—coming from Sheffield. Bingham on the Birch was quite a legitimate subject for half a column in the *Daily Mail*. Casting my eye, however, to the top of the column I read, to my horror, that the Bingham in question was a titled person—a Knight.

This placed the subject-matter of the letter in a new category. When knights are bold; when persons having the prefix "Sir" to their no-matter-how-undistinguished names, their no-matter-how-undistinguished writings acquire a semblance of respectability. Well and good, if the sentiments expressed are respectable. Sir John Bingham's are not. He gloats over the prospect of the police inflicting pain and humiliation on grown men engaged in what is known as the White Slave Traffic, and actually proposes that the average sentence for whatever this offence may be should be a long period of imprisonment, with whippings once a fortnight.

Sir, I know nothing whatever about the White Slave Traffic. I know that, like Mormonism and a number of other alleged conspiracies against the morals of our poor defenceless British females, it has provided poster after poster for the catch-penny gutter rags. I am also, I suppose, bound to accept Mr. McKenna's statement that the police have told him this traffic really exists. But the introduction of flogging as a means of punishment of anybody for anything at all, is so serious a matter that it deserves consideration apart altogether from the offence it is supposed to punish.

With whipping as one of the many salutary forms of *private* correction, applicable to boys at school or in industrial establishments, in the Army, Navy, or even Civil Service, I have no quarrel. But whipping as a weapon in the hands of the police, to be used against the community as a whole, I condemn as strongly as words permit. Be the White Slaver the blackest of the black sheep in the social fold, I would protect his hide from the police. The established legal form of punishment being Deprivation of Liberty, or, in case of murder, Hanging, I decline to admit any between-measures such as the Birch. The State may lock us up: it should have no right to tie us up. Sir John Bingham's defence of the birch was nothing less than a plea for torture, and I say, Sir, that Torture is not a means of punishment that a self-respecting community should restore to its hired servants of the police force, no matter what the precise offence of the individual.

As a reasoning man I decline to be blinded by Parliamentary bigotry into regarding any one class of offence as a class apart. The White Slavers—what are they? So far as I can judge, they are persons who engage in the enlistment of women into vicious pursuits, and who batten on their takings. Admittedly a terrible depth for male human nature to have sunk to. But to have sunk thus low must have taken a lifetime's plodding descent, and the climber must have been low enough before putting his foot on the first downward stone. He must, in short, have been born below the social surface, of a race of human rodents. When you catch one of these creatures, to whip him is not to raise him. It is to hurl him to the bottomless pit of depravity, or, at best, to leave him sore and helpless where he is. The pariah dogs in the streets of Stamboul were not whipped: they were deported, and, once away from muck and garbage, had at least a chance of reversion to normal canine type. If the White Slaver exists in anything like the numbers that is alleged by the police, it is his soul that requires to be studied by the psychologist, not his hide lacerated by the policeman. Ask the creature to tell you the story of his life, and the tale he will unfold will probably be much the same. Born in abomination, corrupted in earliest youth, he has probably fallen to his way of making a livelihood out of sheer desperate impotence to rise. Society (aided by the police) has bidden him "keep below," and he has obeyed.

If, perchance, you find among the captives the person who has no such defence, who has taken to his trade out of sheer perversity, then, to be parodoxical, you will *not* find him among the captives. He will be far too clever to compromise himself when he can hire others. And, as has been sensibly pointed out, if the law passes to whip the men, the obvious course of the confirmed traffickers will be to leave the "profession" to the women, who, for the same offence, will *not* be whipped.

Even were I to assume (which I do not) that whipping is a suitable punishment for the genuine White Slaver, caught red-handed, I have to raise the question of the great danger of error. Here you are threatening with flogging a type of person who may, as easily as anything, be the victim of false accusation. We are threatening men with violence not because of a distinct and definite thing they can be proved to have *done* (such as highway robbery with violence), but of some rather indefinite thing which it is surmised that they *are*.

When told that he did a disgraceful thing, a man may find an *alibi*; he may plead absence of motive, or physical incapacity. It will be up to the police to prove the charge by incontrovertible evidence. When, however, a man is suddenly told he *is*

something, he has no such defence. The evidence adduced—that he was at such a place, at such a time, talking to such a person—may be perfectly true. He may admit it, but may, nevertheless, deny the deduction drawn by the prosecution. Does anybody who knows the policeman type of mind suppose that such a denial would even be listened to? Is it not only too frequently the rule, when there is a doubt, to supplement the evidence by a little fabrication? When the risk is of false imprisonment alone, the public is reconciled to take its chance of such injustices. But when there is a risk of being falsely flogged, a humiliation for which nothing can compensate, the public has a right to insist on additional guarantees. It is to be hoped that, now this law is passing, the Press will make it their business to report as fully as possible all prosecutions under this Act, and, directly the punishment is ordered in a case where the evidence is not proved up to the hilt, that they will make a concerted outcry.

In conclusion, I suggest, Sir, that the Government in passing this vindictive Whipping Bill is confessing its own contemptible failure, with all its vaunted talk of Social Reform, to get to the roots of Social Evil. For generations it has refused to do as every civilised nation does, and take proper cognisance of the facts of life, and regulate accordingly. It has, in accordance with the principle of "Free Trade," sat still and *watched* the British capital grow into the hunting-ground of the profligates of all countries. It has kept this market, like all others, "open." Then, suddenly, in the middle of the night, it thrusts a Bill on Parliament, and thinks it will cure the ill by torture! It will not. DOWNWRITER

*TO GERMAN READERS*

Unseren Deutschen Lesern,

**The Bystander Annual**

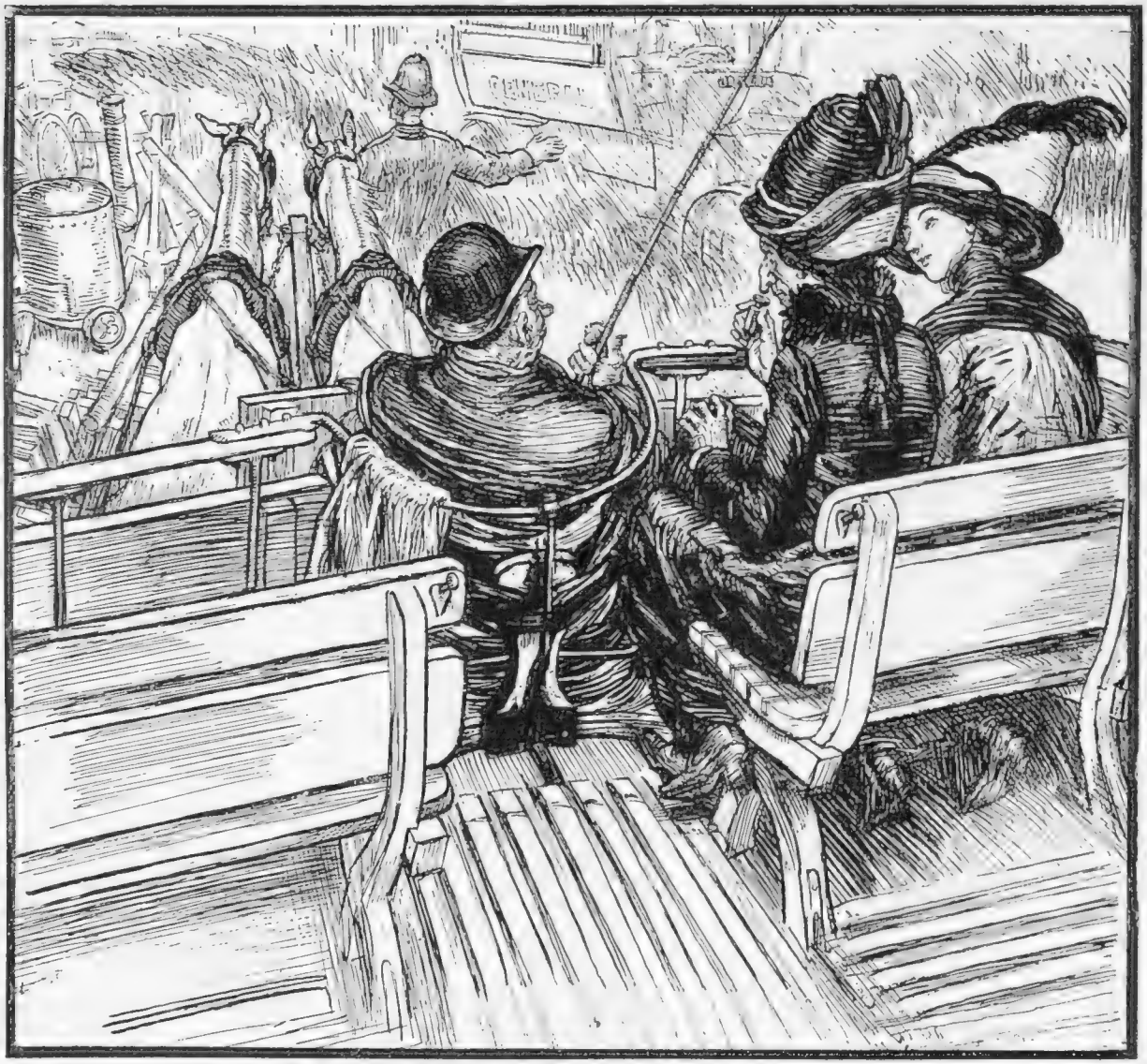
Das am Freitag, den 29 November, herauskommt,

Bietet eine solche Fülle

Des Interessanten und Amüsanten,

Dass Sie nicht versäumen dürfen,

Sich rechtzeitig ein Exemplar zu sichern.



THE DIE HARD HUMOUR OF THE SURVIVING HORSE-BUSMAN

FARE: "Oh! Busman, what a disgustin' effluvia!"

BUSMAN: "Lor' bless yer, mum, it's quite 'ealthy. They torks about going to Marryanbad and Barritzey to take the cure, but it ain't nothing compared to this 'ere"

*BY G. C. JENNIS*

# FASHION HINTS from the BALKANS

BULGARIAN WOMEN FROM KOSTENDIL

A MACEDONIAN WOMAN IN NATIONAL GARB

A BULGARIAN GIRL FROM THE MACEDONIAN FRONTIER
Her costume is a mixture of Bulgarian and Macedonian dress

AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN GREEK COSTUME

THE prevailing mode for fancy dress costumes at this season's balls is likely to have a Balkan character. In order to help "Bystander" lady readers who may contemplate appearing in the costumes of the triumphant States, we reproduce here some photographs of Bulgarian, Greek and Macedonian ladies in national attire

A BULGARIAN DRESS FROM THE RHODOPE MOUNTAINS

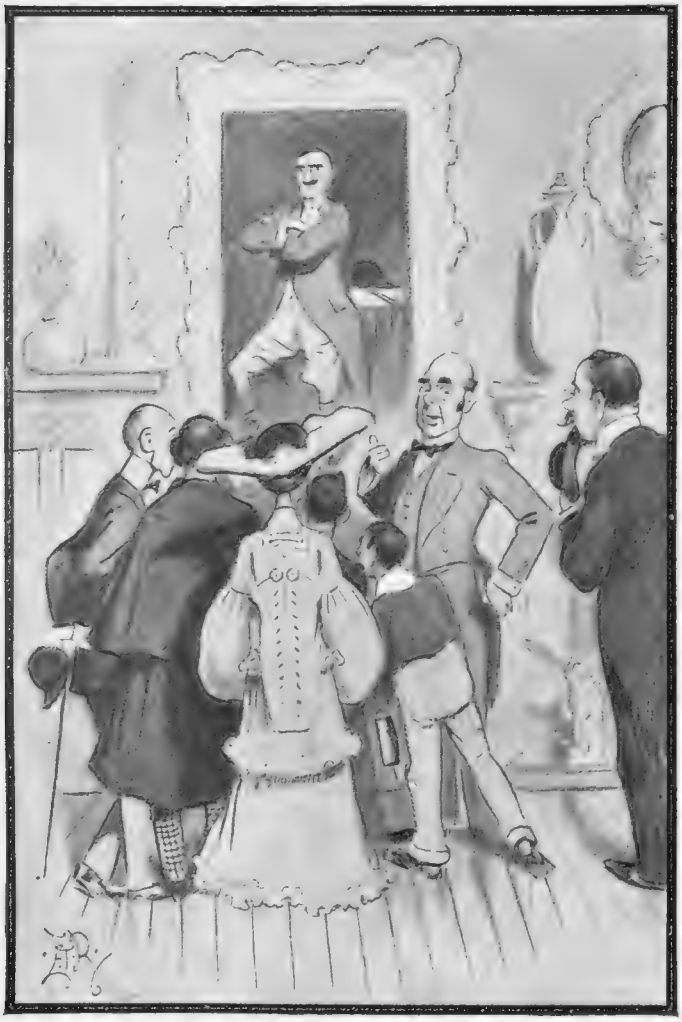
# THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

ACCORDING to a contemporary, a French naturalist has discovered that the chimpanzee when dissatisfied gives vent to the following expressions: "Hoc-hoouc-hoc. Koc-hoc-kong-hüg. Ook-okouk (guttural and jerky). Crueg-crenng (with a grinding of teeth)." Nothing very human about this, is there? But, then, I don't fancy a Limehouse speech has ever been delivered in its native Welsh.

* * *

When neither happy nor sad, the chimpanzee says, "Thuinng (sweet and plaintive). Hoooougig (plaintive and prolonged). Hon-hig-ook, preult prunt (with quivering lips)." Has anybody heard Mr. McKenna coaxing a Suffragette to taste a little porridge through a tube?



NICKNAMED "THE LION-'EART"

Manservant (showing sightseers round the Castle, 1950): "Now, 'ere, ladies and gentlemen, we come to the 'ero of the fam'ly, fourth Barinet. A man of dorntless courage and reckless brav'ry. In the year 1912, bein' a Member of Parli'ment, 'e actu'lly 'urled a screwed-up piece of paper at the Prime Minister, at the same time callin' 'im a name, which I—well! I may say, it's one that is 'tattooed' even in the smokin' room!"

(By E. T. Reed)

An extraordinary reciprocity of sentiment seems at present to prevail throughout the British Empire. Last week, for example, following upon the little affray in our own House of Commons, "grave disorder reigned in the Sydney Parliament."

* * *

By the way, surely Mr. Low, who has been writing an article to prove that things would go on precisely the same if the House of Commons were abolished, has missed one consideration. If there were no M.P.'s, who would there be to throw books at Mr. Churchill's head?

* * *

I continually hear people blaming the Government—for such things as refusing to raise the pay in the Navy, as promised, and wanting to disestablish the Church in Wales. Personally, I always reprove such grumblers by saying, "Be thankful that the Government hasn't decided (as it just as well might have done) to lower the salaries in the Welsh Church and to disestablish the Navy."

* * *

Mr. Churchill has been unduly blamed over this Naval pay business. Probably he has gone largely by his own seafaring experience, which indicates that a man, once he has fairly put to sea, doesn't much care what rate he is paid at, provided only you will leave him alone for a few minutes.

* * *

Austria seems to be making an extraordinary fuss over the removal of one of her Consuls by the Servian Army. Anyone might suppose that the lost Consul was the valuable performing monkey of that name; whereas, of course, he is merely a subordinate representative of Austria's commerce.

* * *

Though it seems probable that a Zeppelin airship did not go over Sheerness on October 14, the discussion has not been an idle one. The Germans now have fair warning that, if they do attempt such a flight, one of our newspapers is pretty certain to notice it within a month, and within five weeks there may even be a question about it in Parliament.

* * *

"What is your Mayor saying?" asked the poster of an illustrated weekly contemporary last week. Heaven forbid that we should ever know!

Society Woman (to clock that has stopped): "Sick of going on? So am I"
(By C. Waters)

Congratulations to the Local Government Board, which has discovered a species of fungus (Empusa Muscæ) which settles on the house-fly and eventually chokes him. "The fly"—according to an official report—"is found on the walls and windows dead, but in a life-like attitude." It sounds unpleasant—this fungus, and one hopes it confines itself to the L.G.B. flies. Sometimes the officials almost seem as if they had been attacked by it—not, perhaps, that one would have chosen "life-like" as describing their attitude.

* * *

However, it is quite one of the offices where Empusa was likely to be found, and we can think of none more suitable for the cultivation of this fungus—which has now to be undertaken. Mr. Burns will be a proud man if Empusa comes up to sample, for it is a waste of time for the Civil Servant—hunting the fly with a paper-knife, especially if Empusa can do it for him.

* * *

The Board of Education has also made a discovery, that authorities should aim at providing 25 sq. ft. playground space for each boy and girl, and 18 sq. ft. for infants. It is to be hoped that infants, as they toddle around their 18 sq. ft., will bear in mind what a lot of trouble the Education Authorities have been at to find out exactly what an infant needs, and be careful not to overstep the limit.

* * *

Apropos, I was surprised to find a critic, on hearing of this tactful provision of the Education Board, remark that the space he personally would assign to a grown member of the Board would be considerably less than 18 sq. ft. I hasten to repeat—it was a critic.

* * *

A woman's wrist needs to be pretty strong. She has for some time carried bags and watches attached to it, and the latest novelty, I see, is the wrist-strap umbrella. I suppose a policeman cannot so easily take it away from you, after you have broken a window with it, and you can carry it with you to your cell—not that it rains there much.

* * *

I rather hope that more things will not be added to the wrist, but you never know, when a fashion becomes smart. Women may strap their Poms to their wrists—or their children—or their husbands. Then they will strain their wrists, and have to go to specialists about them, and have a wrist-cure somewhere. But I will not be gloomy. There is enough of that about. R. E. Vernède

# London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

## "TWELFTH NIGHT" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

IT shocks me a little to find that, in spite of the disapproval I recently expressed of Mr. Granville Barker's decorative methods, he has gone and done it again. The principal scene in his version of *Twelfth Night* is Olivia's Garden, and it looks more like a highly coloured lumber-room than anything else I can think of. The wildly heterogeneous mixture comprising the stage equipment may have a cryptic meaning of its own, it is true; indeed, it suggests those intricate pictures of allegorical vaticination supplied by the penny prophets who explain to the reader that this or that detail of the illustration (which, as a matter of fact, usually conveys nothing at all) clearly foreshadows for the coming year unexampled prosperity or overwhelming disaster, as the case may be. On the other hand, Mr. Barker's scene representing Sir Toby Belch's "den" is quite complete as a stage picture. The "den" is, if anything, rather smaller than such a room would be in real life; and the proscenium has been wadded up to make the scene fit the stage. We have here not the suggestion of a small room, but the small room itself.

It is little contrasts of this kind that give you a headache when you are trying to grasp the rudiments of the Barkerian gospel. If for the greater clearness of a stage picture a room must be represented in its natural dimensions, why are we asked to accept as a garden a couple of clipped yew-trees with obviously wooden foliage, and a pavilion that is painted so extremely pink that it positively strikes you the same hue? If a garden can be suggested by such a concrete expression of mixed metaphors, why cannot a room be suggested by a chandelier and a couple of inverted soap-boxes? I think Mr. Barker might do worse than issue an explanatory map of that garden in numbered sections with marginal elucidations in order to be sure that the Philistine in the audience shall not miss the soul of the design.

Apart from these amiable eccentricities, however, the production is noteworthy to a degree. The costumes are delicate in design and attractively rich in colour, and the acting is in all respects admirable. Mr. Henry Ainley gives an exquisitely finished rendering of the part of Malvolio that must prove a revelation even to the most jaded Shakespearean playgoer; and I should be disposed to doubt if a finer performance than that of Miss Lillah McCarthy as Viola has been seen on our stage. Mr. Hayden Coffin's occasional outbreaks into song impart a daintily agreeable finish to a production that ought to be seen by everyone.

Sketched in "An Imaginary Conversation" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre

## TWO TRIPLE BILLS

### I.—AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S

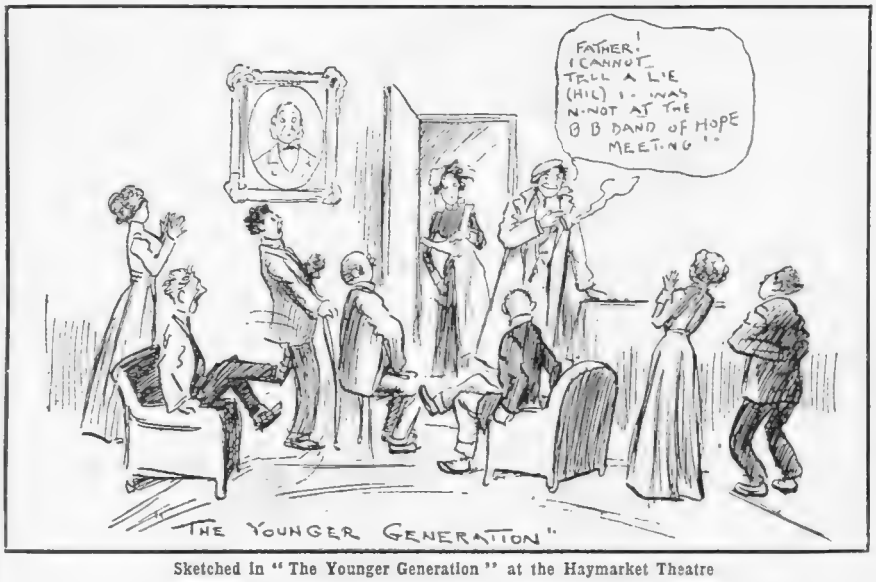
A sudden fashion in triple bills seems to have set in. Miss Marie Tempest is giving matinées of three short plays, all of which go a long way to prove that there is a future for this form of entertainment. The first of her plays is "An Imaginary

Although Mr. Granville Barker is still unrepentant in respect of his scenic eccentricities, his ideals are quite refreshingly normal in the matter of the stage costumes, which offer a fine display of rich colour tastefully schemed. Perhaps this is only natural, since Mr. Barker's very bare ideas of stage furnishing might become embarrassing if applied to individuals

*BY NORMAN MORROW*

Conversation" between Tom Moore and Robert Emmett, the justly celebrated "pathriot." The "Conversation" shows us Emmett with his aspirations for liberty, or something of that sort, while Moore proves to be a dreamy young man with a very clear and unfailing eye for the main chance. A third party to the conversation is Kate Moore, who is chiefly occupied in trying to convince Emmett that one may love one's country and still have an eye for a pretty girl. The playlet is a mere airy nothing, but it has a quite indefinable charm, and is superbly acted by Mr. Graham Browne, Mr. Shiel Barry, and Miss Tempest, the last two of whom add to the success of the piece by an occasional song at the piano.

The second play, *The Dumb and the Blind* (by Harold Chapin), is a real triumph, and its reception was uproariously enthusiastic. The *milieu* is commonplace and even sordid; but, notwithstanding, Mr. Chapin contrives to get a distinct gleam of poetry into it. Joe Henderson works on a mud barge, and his wife ekes out the slender family income by occasional work as a charwoman. Their daughter is learning to do compound multiplication at school. Joe is not able to be home more than a couple of days in the week, and even then he passes most of his time in snarling at his wife and sending her out for beer. Goodness knows there is not much poetry to be got from a situation like that, but Mr. Chapin achieves the apparently impossible with an ease that is astonishing. The story is one that might easily have become mawkish in less skilful hands; but as it stands it is quite a perfect example of the short play. The remaining piece on the programme is described as a "Fantastic Wordless Comedy." It is gorgeously mounted and quite interestingly acted in spite of the fact that it shows a slight tendency here and there to drag owing to the fact that a little too much time is devoted to suggesting emotions rather than actions—always a difficult feat in a play of dumb show. The whole programme, however, is one that is not likely to be easily beaten for all-round excellence.




Sketched in "The Younger Generation" at the Haymarket Theatre

## 2.—AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE

Mr. Frederick Harrison's triple bill includes a three-act comedy, so there is no doubt about getting the full value for your money at this house. The first piece gives us an adventure of Mr. W. J. Locke's delightful hero, Aristide Pujol, and is an amusing example of the principle of diamond cut diamond. The second play, by Lord Dunsany, is much more ambitious. It is called *The Golden Doom*, and from the simple and innocent adventure of a mischievous child Lord Dunsany has contrived to build an allegory that is quite capable of giving rise to very excited controversy indeed. Once upon a time, before the fall of Babylon, a little boy composed a piece of doggerel about a purple bird, and his sister, to comfort him for her unfavourable criticism of his efforts, scrawls the verse on the door of the King's palace. Since no one saw the writing being done, it comes natural to the King and his advisers to conclude that it is the work of the gods. It is, in fact, another writing on the wall, sent as a warning to the King for his neglect, in the rush of State business, to worship the stars with due regularity. "It is better to give worship to the stars than to do good to men!" Just that. The prophets come and read the little boy's doggerel and interpret it to mean that the stars require a sacrifice of the great King. His Majesty thereupon takes off his crown of gold and lays it, with his sceptre, at the iron door of his palace in token of submission and humility. Then the little girl who is the author of all the trouble comes along and picks up the baubles; and their disappearance is at once attributed to another intervention of the gods. This bare outline of the story gives only a faint idea of its rare subtlety and pungent satire; it is a story which, as they say in foreign parts, "gives furiously to think."

## "THE YOUNGER GENERATION"

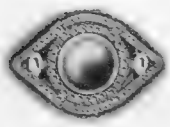
The three-act comedy is another of Stanley Houghton's plays of Lancashire life, but it scarcely possesses the strong human interest of *Hindle Wakes*. Mr. Houghton seems to hold a brief for our brothers and sisters who "step aside," and in this play a valiant attempt is made to justify the occasional treat of getting drunk. London, however, is not very much interested in the question, it being notorious that it is fashionable nowadays in town to drink only unsophisticated waters in various forms. Of the three acts the first is by far the best; the other two being rather too sketchy—though cleverly sketchy—for a prolonged evening's entertainment. The truism that boys and girls brought up too "strictly" are apt to lose their heads at the first breath of freedom has passed into a proverb with us, and can scarcely be said to have been worth discussing. JINGLE

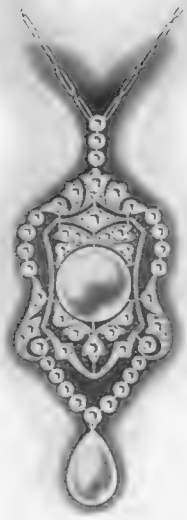
# The Bard According to Barker

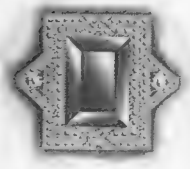
TWO SCENES FROM MR. GRANVILLE BARKER'S PRODUCTION OF "TWELFTH NIGHT" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

Sir Toby Belch (Mr. Arthur Whitby), Maria (Miss Leah Bateman Hunter), and Sir Andrew Aguecheek (Mr. Leon Quartermaine) concocting their playful conspiracy against the Puritanical Malvolio, alleged to be the unrelenting enemy of cakes and ale

Viola (Miss Lillah McCarthy) and Sebastian (Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry) meeting after their long separation in the oddly decorated spot which is optimistically supposed to suggest a nobleman's garden







DELICATE TECLA CREATIONS

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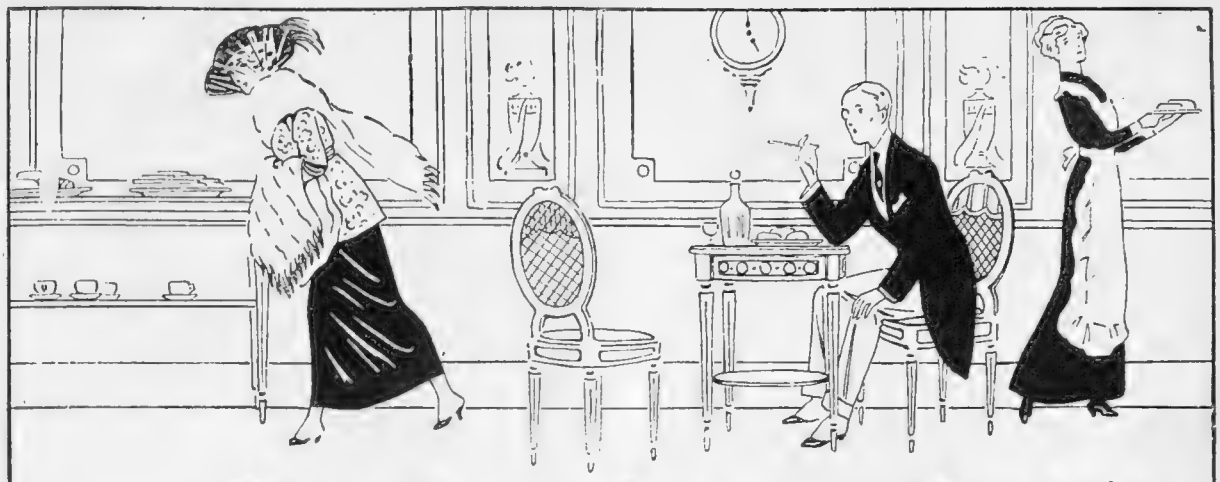


# The Bystander in PARIS

"The teashop ..... is very popular with the Paris which is fair and frivolous!"

## THE MYSTERY OF "LE CINQ À SEPT"

**Between Five and Seven**

There's a play at the Théâtre de l'Athenée just now in which the first act takes place at a charity bazaar. There are a lot of pretty women on the stage, and, of course, the elderly men and the very young men peculiar to these functions. Because, you see, there are no curates in fashionable Paris. A clock strikes five somewhere off the stage, and one woman tells another—a provincial, to whom she is teaching Paris ways—that most of the women will be going now, for one reason or another—the other, usually. And, one after another, *ces dames* went. The audience at the first night of *Le Diable Hermite* crowed with glee at this, and many pretty little ears went coral-pink. And now that I've begun to write about this hour of mystery, I feel as comfortable as if I were practising roller-skating on a joy-wheel somewhere.

**The Mysterious Hour**

Between five and seven—"*les de cinq à sept*," Parisians call it (and there is a good deal in the little "*les*")—is the hour of mystery in Paris. It is an excellent hour in which to go shopping, if you really want to buy anything, because the shops are so uncrowded. To some extent, perhaps, the explanation is that tea and teatime have become Parisian; but there is truth in the joke that "*La Parisienne aime five o'clocquer à quatre heures*," and the teashops between half-past five and half-past six are usually filled with foreigners and provincials, who watch one another and think they are seeing the cream of the cream of "*le smart*" Parisien—(you don't pronounce the "*t*" in "*smart*," anyway). Where are they? How should I know that? But you *do* see an abnormal quantity of very thick veils as the motor-cars flash past in Paris between five and seven.

"There are dark lines under her eyes, and pallor under her powder"

**Afternoon Ten**

The mystery of "*le cinq à sept*" has made the teashop—oh, I beg its pardon! has made the afternoon tea—very popular with the Paris which is fair and frivolous, and (may I whisper?) sometimes frail. The other evening, during the long *entr'acte* which the managements of Paris theatres provide to allow for interesting conversation, I asked my neighbour why she was so loud in her praise of afternoon tea. "I have taken you to Colombin's," I said, "and to the Place Vendôme; I have taken you to Rumpelmayer's, and we have been to Bourbonneaux together; but I have never seen you drink tea there. It's always been a hasty thimbleful of *porto* and an '*Au r'voir, mon ami*.'" The prompter banged the stage three times before I got an answer. I got my answer out of my inner consciousness several hours later; and I remember that I woke up laughing. The *Parisienne* says nothing so delightfully!

**Anglomania**

Of course, the *entente cordiale* has a good deal to do with the teashops' popularity; but the difficulty of being found there on the telephone makes them more popular than ever. When Madame la Vicomtesse

goes to her dressmaker, and it occurs to Monsieur le Vicomte that he will telephone to her there, and the reply over the wire is the direct one that Madame la Vicomtesse has not come yet, or has been there and gone, or has not been there at all, there may be awkwardness at dinner-time, when the little Vicomtesse makes conversation with a long, detailed complaint of what a nuisance Madame Félicie has been, and how she kept her on her feet trying and pinning and altering and fussing from half-past four till a quarter-past seven. The poor little Vicomtesse is quite tired out, she says. There are dark lines under her pretty eyes, and pallor under her powder. Gaston can see for himself that she looks a perfect fright! Gaston can see a good deal for himself; and if he can think for himself, too, there may be a duel at the Parc des Princes one of these mornings about a stupid quarrel over cards at the club between him and his friend the *Duc*. That's why the dressmaker has lost caste between five and seven now, and why there is so much Anglomania in Paris. They have smart little *chasseurs* at most of the teashops; but the smart little *chasseurs* who answer the telephone never know anybody by name, never can find anybody, and make a very comfortable income out of their stupidity. Life is an interesting study!

**A Social Change**

Piety, of course, has gone out of fashion in Paris; so that the churches, though they all have doors at each end, are visited much less between five and seven than they used to be. And there is one curious change in the Paris of to-day from the Paris of yesterday, which has nothing to do with the mystery of the two hours which a prosaic Government insists on calling "seventeen" and "nineteen" now. People don't visit one another any longer. Society in Paris now drops in on its friends and takes them out, or is dropped in on to go shopping. The actual cup-of-tea-and-biscuit call, the visits after dinner-parties, luncheons, and what-not, have ceased to be; and if you look at the array of specimen visiting-cards in the windows of a fashionable engraver, you will notice that the cards are a third of the size they used to be, and you won't see "At Home" days on many of them. Why should you? The "At Home" day is dying; the "At Home" day is dead. People meet in restaurants, in theatres, or "meet about." They do not call on one another any longer. But the news and the gossip of Paris still circulates, and secrets are still whispered and rumour still flies swiftly between five and seven. Where and how? Ah, *voilà!* JOHN N. RAPHAEL

*TO FRENCH READERS*

À NOS LECTEURS FRANÇAIS

Nous espèrons que vous trouverez à votre gré

Le Bystander Annual

qui paraîtra Vendredi, le 29 Novembre.

Inutile d'ajouter qu'il aura tout le chic et le verve connu du Bystander

ON PEUT COMMANDER DE SUITE

## FUTURISM FIRES ITS FIRST SHOT AT THE WAR

The above (on exhibition at the Carfax Gallery) represents the effect on the mind of the artist, Mr. Allfree, of reading an account of the flight of the Turks from Lule Burgas. It was certainly a shocking business, and the artist's mode of expression is well in keeping with the subject

# "My Predecessor, Frithjof"

THE KAISER TO PRESENT NORWAY WITH A STATUE OF ONE OF THE EARLIER TEUTONIC VIKINGS

BUT WHY NOT THUS?

*(Inset is a suggested improvement to the face, which we are surprised did not occur to the sculptor)*

By presenting them with the gigantic statue shown above, the Kaiser pays Norway a compliment. Frithjof was a Norwegian national hero of the sea—to Norway what the Kaiser himself would like to be to Germany. With a slight upward twist of the moustache (see photograph inset) he would look by no means unlike his Imperial Majesty. The statue will be unveiled next year at Framnaes, on the Songe Fjord, where the graves of Frithjof and Ingeborg are situated. The sculptor, Professor Max Unger, is seen standing by the side of his nearly completed work

# The Wreck They Would Not Save

## A GLANCE UP FROM A NEW BOOK ON OSCAR WILDE

HOW very anxious is the world to atone for the mistake it allowed Justice to make in crushing quite so completely that which was known as Oscar Wilde! Looking back on the tragedy, quite nice people are often now found asking, "Need it have been?" They go into no details, of course—nobody does that—but speaking quite generally, it does seem a pity, they agree, that so truly bright a light should have been so completely snuffed out. Had the authorities been not quite so zealous, and allowed him the escape vouchsafed to so many others, Wilde might even now have been turning out comedies for an elderly and knighted George Alexander, coquetting with lilies in Bond Street, and making, or appropriating, the *mots* of even the present moment.

As I look out of the window this November afternoon, up from the pages of *Oscar Wilde: Some Reminiscences*, by Leonard Cresswell Ingleby (Werner Laurie), I smile drearily at this supposition of the Quite Nice People. Much fog has passed over London Bridge since the passing of Oscar Wilde. The times have changed, and his was certainly a nature that would never have adapted itself to their changes. Since Wilde, there have come upon us in sequence Chamberlainism, the Boer War, Kiplingism, the reign of King Edward, Bridge, the Smart Set, Labour-Radicalism, Mr. George, Mr. Shaw, Suffragettes, Futurism, Picture Papers, the Cinema, the New Music-Hall, and a few other things. Is it conceivable that the delicate æsthete could have survived the passage of such an anti-æsthetic procession? I fear that, had there never been the Tragedy, Wilde would never have voluntarily entered the century which came in to the strains of "The Absent-Minded Beggar." He would just have passed away—probably to Florence, and certainly literature would never have gained directly from Wilde intact what it gained, directly and indirectly, from Wilde undone.

The latter gave us, in the one case, the "Ballad of Reading Gaol" and "De Profundis," and in the other is giving us Oscariana from a veritable tribe of Boswells, a few of them well-informed, like Mr. Robert Ross, some of them well-pretending, like Mr. Sherard, and others well-intending, like Mr. Leonard Cresswell Ingleby, who, in the book from which I am still drearily gazing into the fog, offers a sort of "write-up" of the subject. A write-up is something that is written-up on behalf of, and to the approval of, the person written about.

It says what it is thought the public will expect to have said, glosses over some doubtful points, and explains away some others. It also introduces a few seasoned anecdotes, and is liberal with "Press extracts." Generally the writer-up does his work without the handicap of personal knowledge of the subject, and is fresh and impressionable. Most of these virtues are to be credited to Mr. Ingleby. Wilde is taken down and shown to us, first comedy-wise as he *appeared* to the world in the days of his rise, and secondly tragedy-wise as he *appeared* to it in his decline. There is added a special write-up of Mrs. Wilde, and of a very select few of the poet's friends, omitting the best known and the worthiest of these. Of Wilde's inner feelings nothing — properly, because of these the writer-up has apparently little knowledge.

VEILED!

The head of the figure by Mr. Epstein on the tomb of Oscar Wilde in Père Lachaise, which has been hidden from view by the authorities. Why, we do not pretend to know—unless the authorities think the concealment an actual aid to the sculptor's not sufficiently obscure meaning

Perhaps it is a book that gives us something of Wilde from within that we mostly need. The mere facts, known to us all, are no longer enough for a thinking and a sympathetic generation. We want the truth. Why was this man, whom we all thought to be merely this and that, all the time the other, and so much the other that Justice had to tear him from elegance, crumple him up, and then pitch him into the sink of penury? Why had we to annihilate this poet, this wit, this philosopher? Recognised as a *poseur*, whose boast it was to outrage Philistine susceptibilities, may he not, out of a sheer contempt for them, have allowed appearances to go farther against him than the facts warranted? It is to be recalled, during the fatal Queensberry libel case, that Counsel was at tremendous pains to condemn the plaintiff out of his own mouth. Little suspecting the *dénouement*, the unhappy man in the box fell a ready victim to the dodge, and brought on himself the obvious consequences. Looking back, at a safe distance, one can see how a truer Justice, recognising that "great wit is to madness oft allied," would have so arranged its vengeance as to have saved something human from the wreck of Oscar Wilde. V. C.

4 Photos Pd



# The Feared Revival of Dandyism

SOME MODES INTO WHICH MODERN YOUNG MEN ARE IN DANGER OF BEING DECOYED

AN INTERIOR OF A YOUNG MAN'S HOME IN 1830

Is it seriously supposed that young men of 1912 would ever feel happy or comfortable so attired? The above photograph is from a Paris play, entitled "Le Dandy Chez Lui," and those reproduced round the page are of types of Dandies about the period 1839

The Bystander has every respect for the Dandy—in his own generation—but suggests that the clean-shaven, short-haired, and loosely-clothed fashion of the moment is infinitely more characteristic of twentieth-century habits and ideas, and requires to be kept to

# The Seventy Year-old Poet of the Sierras

## And some of his Monuments to other Celebrities

TOWER ERECTED BY JOAQUIN MILLER
To the memory of Robert Browning

THE most picturesque of the world's poetical personalities recently celebrated his seventieth birthday. On November 10, 1841, the Poet of the Sierras, as Joaquin Miller has always been called, first saw the light in Indiana. That light, "God's firstborn," as he has called it, he has worshipped passionately ever since.

During the course of a wandering and adventurous life, he has fought in the Indian wars, in which he was twice wounded; been an express messenger in the gold mining districts of Idaho; entered a lawyer's office to study, and was a County Court Judge for four years; while when the gold rush to the Klondyke was made, he went on an expedition to that El Dorado, and a couple of years later he went on a voyage to the Orient.

Four times he travelled round the world before he settled on his home in Oaklands, overlooking the Golden Gate. His modest dwelling-place is made beautiful by his own sublime faith, and by his daughter, Juanita, who gave up a musical career to devote herself to him. To her he wrote a poem, from which an extract appears below.

JOAQUIN MILLER AND HIS DAUGHTER, JUANITA

You will come, my bird Bonita.
Come! For I by steep and stone
Have built such nest for you, Juanita,
As not eagle bird hath known.

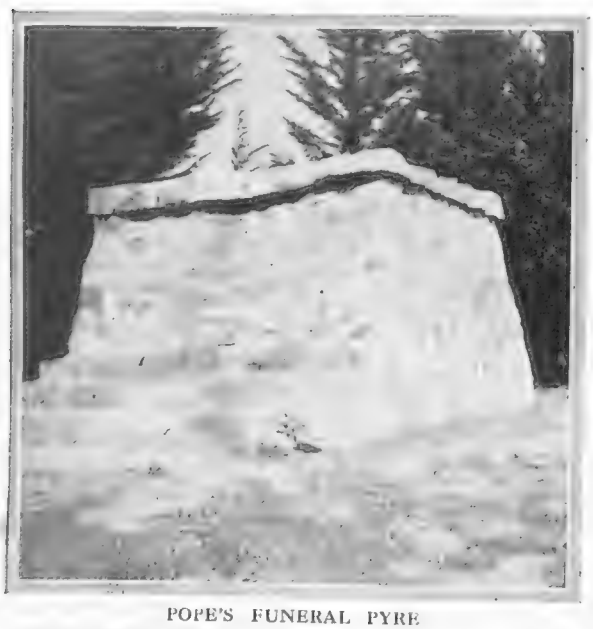
Rugged! rugged as Parnassus!
Rude as all roads I have trod;
Yet are steeps and stone-strewn passes,
Smooth o'erhead and nearest God.

Dear, I took these trackless masses,
Fresh from Him who fashioned them,
Wrought in rock and hewed fair passes;
Flower-set as sets a gem.

A MONUMENT TO GEN. FRÉMONT,
the explorer, erected by Joaquin Miller

Among his works, Joaquin Miller's play, *The Danites*, had an enormous vogue both in the United States and in London some thirty years ago, and made the reputations of the leading actors who played in it.

In the grounds around his house he has erected various pyramids in rough rocks in honour of those who have moved him greatly. Photographs of some of these are reproduced on this page.



POPE'S FUNERAL PYRE
Joaquin Miller's tribute to the memory of the author of "The Rape of the Lock"

PYRAMIDAL MONUMENT
Erected by Joaquin Miller in commemoration of Moses, first law-giver

# *Two Ways of Protecting Yourself against*

# Sore Throat

## *and other*

# Infectious Diseases

**The Bishop of Bath and Wells**

writes from The Palace, Wells, Somerset: "Wulfing's Formamint is a remedy and preventive, the value of which is appreciated in this house."

**Lady Jane Lindsay**

writes that she "can assure Messrs. Wulfing that she knows the good of their Formamint well. She is constantly using it, both in her family and as presents to friends who are suffering from colds and sore throats, as she knows nothing like it, both as a cure and comfort—particularly in the case of sore throat."

**The Rev. C. Silvester Horne, M.P.,**

writes: "I am a great believer in Formamint, and have put it to very exacting tests. For such times of strain as we have been through, public speakers cannot do better than lay in a store of Formamint."

**Mme. Adelina Patti,**

the Queen of Song, writes: "I have taken Formamint Tablets for some time past and have much pleasure in saying that I find them very beneficial for the throat."

**The Rev. Canon Maddrell**

writes: "I make a point of never being without a supply of your excellent Formamint. It is a splendid safeguard against sore throat and infectious diseases."

WE should never catch Sore Throat—or such dread infectious diseases as Influenza, Diphtheria and Consumption—if we could prevent the germs which cause such diseases from entering the mouth and throat.

One way of doing this would be to shut ourselves up in an air-tight chamber, where we should soon die of asphyxia!

The other way is to suck a few Formamint Tablets daily. Although they do not prevent germs from entering the mouth cavity—they may be relied upon to destroy all disease germs in the mouth and throat before any harm is done. Send the coupon to-day for a Free Sample of this genuine Sore Throat Cure and Disease-Preventive.

*WULFING'S*

# Formamint

*THE GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLET*

These tablets are so palatable, and so absolutely harmless, that they can be taken freely even by young children. They do perfectly what the old-fashioned methods of "gargling" and "swabbing" did very imperfectly—namely, they kill, in the mouth and throat, the germ-growths which cause Sore Throat, mouth troubles, and dangerous infectious disease.

Send the coupon now—and remember to ask your chemist for

**WULFING'S FORMAMINT**

—the only genuine kind.

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**FREE SAMPLE.**

Messrs. A. Wulfing & Co., 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.

Please send me a sample of Formamint, which I have not yet tried.

Name .....

Address .....

S. 139.

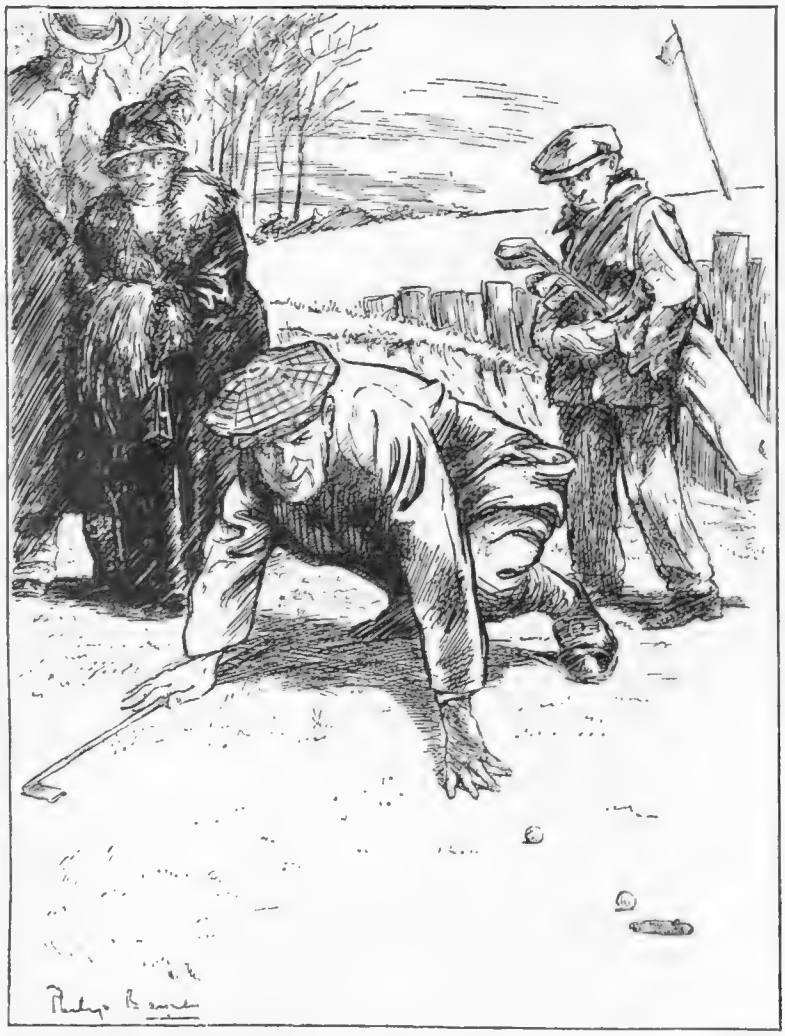
# GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

**The Rules Committee and the Press**

When the report of the business meeting of the Royal and Ancient was published, it was stated that all the proposed alterations of the Rules were passed with the exception of that connected with Rule 23, the "out-of-bounds" rule. It was naturally supposed, therefore, that the proposed alteration of Rule 21, the "lost ball, lost hole" rule, had been passed, and that in future the penalty would be loss of stroke and distance. That this was incorrect we all now know, the proposed alteration having been withdrawn by the Rules Committee either prior to, or at, the meeting. Technically, therefore, the report that all the proposed alterations, with the exception of Rule 23, had been passed was correct. Actually, it was grossly incorrect, and led nearly all writers on the game into serious error. Personally, I narrowly escaped sharing the common fate, but took the precaution of making inquiries and finding out the correct facts. Others were not so fortunate.

**The Case for the Defence**

It must be confessed that in the past there has been some ground for the feeling among pressmen that the various authorities concerned with the management of golfing matters are somewhat secretive and rather reluctant to give the anxious reporter any account of their proceedings when matters of golfing moment have been considered, and in this case the complaint has been so general that Mr. Horace Hutchinson has taken up the cudgels on behalf of the Rules Committee. He points out that there is not the slightest wish on their part to keep the Press or reporters in the dark, and he shows that the Chairman of the Committee is at considerable pains to give them proper information. Having pointed out the various steps taken with this object, Mr. Hutchinson asks what more can be done, and evidently feels some contempt for complainers "who had not been at the very ordinary pains to address a single letter of inquiry to the Rules Committee or to any authority at St. Andrews."



GEORGE: "Great Scott, a dead stymie!"
AUNTIE JANE: "There! I thought I noticed an unpleasant smell"
(By Philip Baynes)

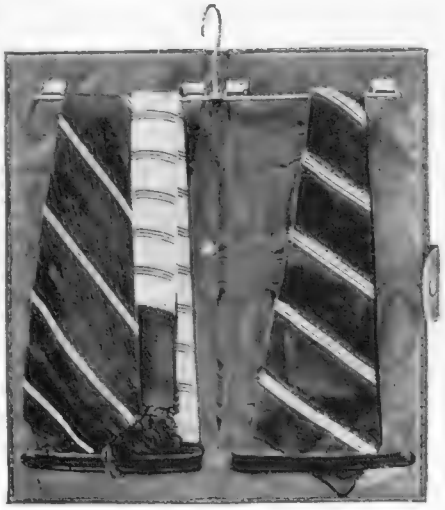
**The Point of the Press Complaint**

But, on the face of it, I cannot see why the poor pressmen should have addressed any inquiry to St. Andrews. The official version had appeared and contained no mention whatever of the withdrawal of the important proposal for altering Rule 21. Now, either the reporters misunderstood the statement of the Chairman of the Rules Committee or the latter did not accompany his "typed document" with any explanation as to this vital withdrawal. Be that as it may, the version was published and allowed to remain as it stood, and the point of the Press complaint is this, that the Rules Committee ought surely to have noticed this incorrect statement as to all the proposed alterations being passed, and should have published immediately an explanatory statement pointing out the withdrawal of the proposal to alter Rule 21, and thus correcting the erroneous inference which was bound to be drawn by all writers on the game.

Ernest Lehmann

MARK CROSS LONDON TRADE MARK

# XMAS GIFTS



HANGING TIE CASE

On opening the case the ties are displayed hanging over the gilt bar. When closed the case is quite flat and so, pressure being brought to bear on the ties, they are kept free from creases. This is a gift which a gentleman will highly appreciate. No. 2072.

From Green, Red, Blue, or Purple Morocco, **13/6**

*Our New Xmas List No. 2 contains suggestions of hundreds of gifts. Write for a copy to-day.*

JOINTED FRAME BAG

By means of the jointed frame this bag when closed is quite flat, but opens square. Beautifully lined with watered silk. The contents of bag are a neat silk purse, mirror, and puff case. Being very light in weight it fills the need of a smart and dainty calling bag, and so provides an excellent Christmas Gift. No. 2395.

From Black Pin Seal, complete .. .. .. **28/6**
From Green or Blue Pin Seal .. .. .. **28/6**
From Pigskin or Black Grained Patent Leather **27/6**

MARK CROSS, Ltd. 89 Regent Street, London

# SOME PENLEY REMINISCENCES

## BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM WELL

"AMATEUR theatricals, dear old boy? You are getting up amateur theatricals? Why not play *Charley's Aunt?*"

We were sitting smoking an after-luncheon cigar in the Savage Club, where Penley spent much of the time which the papers of the moment would have it was passed in a lunatic asylum! I was off that night to stay with some friends abroad, friends who had begged me to organise a theatrical show, and I was seeking Penley's advice.

"Right-oh," I replied, "we'll play *Charley's Aunt;* but you must come over and coach us."

"That's a bet," answered Penley, and forthwith a date was fixed for his visit.

I shall never forget that first incursion of mine into the world of the theatre. *Charley's Aunt* to my amateur mind had seemed an easy undertaking. It was one of the labours of Hercules. Not only had I to play the title-rôle, but I had to rehearse my company—and what a company it was! There was one man, the only one I could find for the rôle of Basset, the "bedmaker," who gave me nightly nightmares. At one rehearsal I explained to him at least a hundred times that at the end of a certain speech he had to fumble with some things on the table. Believing that at last he had caught my meaning, I asked him to repeat the speech once more. He did so, ending up with the remark, "And now I fumble"!

At last, however, we were fairly word perfect, though one member of my company would read his part behind a piano, and I wired to Penley to come and put the finishing touches to our work. He duly arrived, and after a bath insisted on an immediate rehearsal. Right through the play we went without a single interruption from Penley. Then at the end I asked him what he thought of us.

"My dear old boy," he replied, "you're d——d awful."

And then he rehearsed us with the care of a manager whose whole life depended on our success. We *were* "d——d awful," but he licked us into some shape, and the result was not so terribly bad.

One of the girls, who had a great sense of her own dignity, would insist on coming on the stage at the rate of about half a mile an hour. Penley beseeched her over and over again to quicken her pace, but without result. At last he could stand it no longer. When the time came for her entrance—it was at the dress rehearsal—the dignified young person made her entry at a slower pace than ever. As she walked in Penley sang, in that delightful voice of his, in the slowest time possible, an entire verse of "Come, Holy Ghost, our Souls Inspire." She came in like a whirlwind after that!

Penley's knowledge of French was limited. One morning I heard howls of laughter coming from his bedroom, which was opposite to mine. Walking in I found Penley in a pink nightshirt gazing in astonishment at Felicité, the old Breton *bonne,* who was doubled up with laughter.

"I say, dear old boy, what's the matter with her? I asked her for a *cheval.*"

"*Cheval?*" I replied; "but *cheval* means a horse."

"Oh, I thought it was French for glass. We talk of a cheval glass, don't we?"

It was this same Felicité who came to me after Penley's departure and showed me, with great disgust, an English sovereign.

"*Voilà ce que le petit comédien m'a donné,*" said she. "*C'est pas chic.*"

I explained to her that it was an English coin worth twenty-five francs. Felicité flopped on the floor, and, joining her hands, "*que Dieu le bénisse,*" said she. And Penley's generosity is a proverb to this day in that sleepy old Breton town. Penley dearly loved scoring off people. A rather conceited and by no means rich fellow took the chair one night at a charity dinner at which Penley was present. After explaining the object of the charity he ended up his speech by saying that whatever subscription was first offered he would be glad to double it.

"Mr. Chairman," sang out little Penley, "would you kindly put me down for five hundred pounds."

But the best Penley story I know concerns a young actor whom Penley sent round the provinces with a company. The young actor was starred, but his name, even in letters a foot long, failed to draw the public, and wretched houses were the rule. At last one night Penley wired that he was coming to see him. The young actor waited, terror-stricken, in his dressing-room for his manager's appearance. At last the door opened, and Penley walked, or, rather, waddled in. Without a word he strolled over to the fireplace, put his hat on the mantelpiece and his hands in his pockets. Then, turning his back to the fire and gazing at his young friend with that unique smile of his, he exclaimed:

"You're a bally magnet, I don't think."

R. W. M.

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**"Happy is the man who eats only when he hungers and drinks only when he thirsts."**

*G. B. Cipriani, Fecit* **AUTUMN.** *Engraved by F. Bartolozzi*

"I love to wander through the woodlands hoary
In the soft gloom of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory
And, like a dream of beauty, glides away.

"How through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers,
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst."—WHITMAN.

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## A SLUR ON MOZART

**Anticipation**

THOSE of us who are particularly fond of Mozart were delighted to learn that Herr Steinbach intended to grace the London Symphony Concerts with the G Minor Symphony. True, this is one of the three Mozart symphonies which, alone, can be heard with some frequency in London. We would gladly have welcomed a bolder choice; but, still, beggars, especially musical beggars, cannot be choosers, and, at any rate, the symphony in question is one of the most beautiful pieces of music ever written by Mozart or anybody else. In fact, however, the whole thing was a huge disappointment from beginning to end. Why?

**Hors d'Œuvre**

I am sure Herr Steinbach loves and understands Mozart as well as I do, so that if any blame attaches to him he must be excused by the subtle atmosphere that inevitably surrounds the performance of Mozart in England. We always seem to treat his music as a kind of *hors d'œuvre*, as something which it were a little *infra dig.* to take too seriously. Certainly that is the impression I always get, and it was most emphatically the impression that I got of the performance in question. Otherwise, why on earth was the Symphony chosen to begin the concert? No orchestra can play its best till it is thoroughly warmed up, and, least of all, can it play Mozart, who requires from his interpreters an intensity, a sympathy of musical feeling as no other composer before or since. The texture of the thematic fibre is so delicate, the decoration of the musical tapestry so subtle, that none but the most sensitive and enthusiastic players can hope to do them justice. And to pitchfork music like this into a place in the programme usually reserved for a concert overture—a work, as its title indicates, especially designed to open the proceedings—is both to court and ensure failure.

**A Common Failing**

I do not intend to discuss here technical shortcomings in detail. All I wish to say is that it seems to me most lamentable that a body of players with such a fine record of musicianship as the London Symphony Orchestra cannot do justice to a standard work familiar to every schoolgirl. Not that they stand alone in their unfairness towards Mozart. The wood-wind of the Queen's Hall Orchestra may be finer, the dash of the Beecham Orchestra may be greater, but all alike fail to do proper honour to the most musical and the most human composer that ever lived. The fact is that you cannot—a casual concerto, perhaps, excepted—get a proper performance of Mozart in England. At least, I cannot recollect anyone to compare with Bruno Walter's, Gustav Mahler's, or, even, Reynaldo Hahn's interpretations of the operas. Then people wonder that the English do not love Mozart's music as they ought. Why! the English have never even heard it!

FRANCIS TOYE


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# THE GIVER OF STONES

BY MAUD CHURTON BRABY

*Author of "Downward," "The Loveseeker," etc.*

IT was exactly thirteen months since her husband's sudden death on the hunting-field had freed her from a marriage-bond that had grown intolerable. For the first time Margaret had banished all signs of widowhood from her attire. Her thin, clinging gown was the colour of ashes, a comb and pins of purple horn fastened up her soft, fair hair, and as she sat on a great purple lounge—her delicate hands clasped tightly on her lap, her wistful eyes gazing fixedly before her—she seemed to light up the austere white room, a figure of great charm and pathos.

That afternoon the man she had loved for so long was coming to claim her. It was the appointed day, the fruition of years of desire, the goal of all hopes. How often she had thought of the possibility of freedom—how passionately she had yearned for this hour to strike. She looked back now, recalling the long anguish; how at first she had struggled against the great mad love, as it grew up in her heart; how gradually its compelling magic had overcome her, stealthily undermining all her defences; how at last she had confessed it, and listened in ecstasy as Anthony blazoned his.

That rapturous hour still glowed through the vista of years. All lovers know how indestructible even to its remotest essence is the memory of the first caress—its holy fire, its inviolate beauty. Only one or two other caresses had followed in those long barren years that might have been so beautiful. Anthony was "straight": his standard was a high one, for love it must be higher still. Their attachment was to be kept "clean and decent from the first." Anthony liked this phrase and the word "attachment." The woman who had suffered in years of loveless wedlock grew to loathe them bitterly, and more still she loathed his favourite *clichés*, "playing the game," "it's not cricket," and so on. He had a pretty array of them.

And now it was all over, the unexpected had happened, leaving her free. The decent interval of mourning had elapsed; Anthony was coming to claim her—the hour of exultation had struck!

Yet Margaret sat shrinking among her purple cushions, her eyes growing sadder, her lips more strained.

At last she seemed to come to a sudden resolve. She rose hastily, rang the bell, and rather breathlessly gave instructions for the maid to telephone.

"Tell Mr. Kilverton that I find I cannot be at home to-day, after all. Say—say I'm called away from Town, and that I'm writing."

At once she sat down to her bureau and began the letter.

"You will wonder, and be hurt at my message. I don't want to hurt you, my dear, but it's easier to put it into a letter; I could never make you understand in speech. Anthony, dear, I can't marry you—it's all gone. All these years I've wanted you so badly, and you kept aloof and always talked of 'playing the game,' and of your ideals, and now it's all gone. It's dead. I was so hungry. You didn't understand, of course; you men cannot realise how women starve for lack of love. How often have I sought—in silence—a little mercy of you: just a kiss, or a hand-clasp, or even a look—so little suffices to sweeten a woman's life and keep joy alive in her. I've begged you for bread—only a crumb—and you've given me stones. You've loved your ideal of rectitude more than me, and so you've killed in me this fine and splendid thing, the best gift of my destiny—perhaps, also, the best gift of yours—this magnificent love that I would have poured out at your feet!

"Do you remember a story of Arnold Bennett's where a man speaks of his lover having the physical courage of her love, and adds how nothing in his life had ever more 'enchantingly impressed' him than the 'timid silent spontaneities' by which she expressed this courage. Perhaps a literary artist feels like that, but you didn't. You seemed to be distressed and annoyed when my awful love-hunger sought relief in the offering of a little, little caress. Perhaps you don't know—no, of course, you couldn't realise—that the most terrible thing a man can do to a woman, a refined and sensitive woman, is to refuse an offered caress. It strikes right into the soul—deep, so deep, searing the most tender centres of emotion, as a red-hot iron would sear the living flesh. It crushes and strangles the delicate passion-soul, oh, so cruelly! It desecrates the Holy of Holies, it kills! Anthony, dear, if you . . ."

The door opened suddenly.

"Mr. Kilverton," announced the maid.

Margaret was trembling as she rose, giving mechanical words of greeting, and murmuring vaguely of her telephone message. He was a man of distinguished presence, his hair slightly greying. The deep eyes of the mystic, the high brow of the idealist combined to convey an expression of great dignity.

Her troubled, bewildered demeanour, so different from the glad welcome he had expected, arrested the man's attention, piercing the thick armour of his male self-centredness.

"No, I got no message; I left home an hour ago. But, Margaret . . ."

His voice softened at her name, and in his eyes was the tenderness she had often sought for in vain.

He held her hands, and began to speak in the gentle voice that was his greatest charm. The love-words, for want of which the best in her had perished, smote Margaret, as the tardy gift of money might smite the mother whose child had died for want of it. She

# Carefully Posed

*Photograph* *Dover Street Studios*

MISS GINA PALERME

Who is now playing in "The Dancing Mistress" at the Adelphi Theatre, photographed in a taking attitude

stopped him by a gesture, and then in silence she handed him the half-written letter.

. . . . . .

"I don't understand, Margaret." His voice was pained and cold. "I've loved you devotedly for years. Always the thought of you . . ."

"Oh, my dear, can't you see even now? A love as deep as the sea is no good to a woman unless she can *feel* it. You let me do that at first, and turned my grey days into heaven. Then you became afraid of my passion, the thing of your own creating, and you locked up your love so closely that—that . . ."

She broke off with a sigh of despair. It was useless; he *would* not see it.

"What you imply . . . why, Margaret, it's monstrous! You almost seem to reproach me for not dishonouring you . . ."

"Not that," she said quietly; "but you made me love you so—and then you gave me nothing! As we couldn't be lovers, we might at least have been sweethearts; it's a word that means a great deal to women, to keep the heart sweet—such a little would have done it. I never wanted to be wicked; only to find a little joy before it was too late."

"I paid you the greatest compliment a man can pay a woman," he answered hotly. "I put love aside for your sake."

"Oh, Tony!" Her smile was infinitely sad. "Man's greatest compliment is woman's worst insult. To put love aside—it's the last thing we ever want you to do."

Again he sought to plead with her, but she stopped him.

"I've known one marriage without love—not again! It doesn't bear talking about, Tony. Don't let's keep on and on—it's too painful. I tell you the feeling's all gone; the fire, the glory—it's dead, starved to death. I felt it dying, and I struggled to feed it, to keep the sacred flame alive. You know how often I've striven to get some sign of tenderness from you, and how you've denied me. Ah, don't begin again about honour, I know all that—you've said it so often. You put everything else before me—such an array of ideals and codes that you good men are so fond of. I came last of all, and for duty's sake you withheld the little life-saving word of love . . ."

Her voice broke; the distress in his eyes, the slight dimness in those mystic eyes she had so deeply loved pierced her heart intolerably. She made an effort to overcome the rising storm of tears.

"Can't you see it?" she cried passionately. "You've killed the best thing I shall ever know. You're the worst kind of murderer—the love-killer. the giver of stones!"

MAUD CHURTON BRABY

*TO ITALIAN READERS*

*Ai Nostri Pregiatissimi Lettori Italiani.*

*Speriamo che Le piacerà molto*

*Il Bystander Annual*

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**The Rural Question**

IN *Adnam's Orchard* (Heinemann: 6*s.*), a novel which extends to 640 pages, on the last of which occur the words, "End of Prologue," Sarah Grand writes of the Land Question. With so large a canvas to work upon, the pitfalls are enormous; and I cannot honestly say that the authoress has altogether avoided them. She is so often unnecessarily didactic; and when she is dogmatic, she is dull. On the other hand, when the narrative proper is allowed to proceed, you find a story with some claims to greatness. Briefly, Sarah Grand sets out to describe the conditions which exist to-day in rural England. She shows you the different families. There are, firstly, the ducal Brabants, with poor relations, enormous properties, and a certain state to be kept up. They occupy something of the same position which they occupied in the country two hundred years ago. Then there is the smaller squire, Appleton Pointz, impoverished owing to a scoundrelly agent, and with a fixed inability to see the necessity for the working-classes to live in a better way than they did in the time of his forefathers. Beneath him comes Yeoman Pratt—perhaps the finest character in the book: one of the last of the real yeomen in the country; a man who has owned his acres for a longer period than even the duke; a man married to a foreign aristocrat, and having two sons, Seraph and Adnam. And beneath him again is Ellery Banks, the ordinary tenant farmer, whose sons are ordinary farm-labourers. And the story revolves more or less round these four families.

JANE: "Excuse me, madam, might I borrow 'Nietzsche' from the library?"
HER MISTRESS: "Oh! certainly, Jane; and bring me down 'The Lady with the Purple Sash'"
(By Starr Johns)

**Driving It Home**

A book of this kind deserves to be treated by high standards, and if such be applied, it fails only through the authoress's determination to lose no opportunity of driving home her point—that all the agricultural troubles of this country have followed upon the squire's and the farmer's hatred of innovation. The land has failed because it has never been properly cultivated. But is this so? In any case, nearly 300 pages might easily have been omitted. Nevertheless, it is a fine piece of work, which no reader of serious modern fiction can afford to ignore; and it contains passages which will long remain in the mind. The character of Lena Kedlock is entirely out of the ordinary; and the description of the making of Adnam's orchard could hardly be bettered. Few living writers would have attempted so much; possibly none but Thomas Hardy would have succeeded.

**The Vanishing Squire**

Some of the problems of which Sarah Grand treats are touched lightly upon by Mr. P. H. Ditchfield in *The Old English Country Squire* (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.* net), an entertaining compilation in the author's usual agreeable manner. It was proper that the squire should have a book to himself. Learned economists of to-day may have little use for him, but assuredly he has played his part in the history of the country, and there are still corners in England where, in spite of secret land inquiries and taxes and the new unwritten law, which says that a man who has a park which is not filled with neat little rows of model cottages is the enemy of mankind, the squire remains much as he was in the old days before everybody was everybody else's superior.

**A Sportsman First**

Mr. Ditchfield, in the course of his peregrinations round about the country, has managed to obtain material enough for a more or less coherent story. Sometimes the old squire was rough and unlettered, but Mr. Ditchfield, rightly, as it seems to me, cannot agree with Macaulay's indictment of the seventeenth-century squire as a kind of rich peasant. The old squire knew how to build a fine house for himself and his descendants; he might not read many books, but in his day most of the books touched upon religious questions, and the squire, if he was anything, was a sportsman first. You can hardly blame him for not reading very much. He had plenty of other things to do. Occasionally, too, he was eccentric, and Mr. Ditchfield mentions one or two of the more extraordinary characters whose biographies have survived. There are twenty-four illustrations, of which eight are in colour. The book should make an admirable Christmas present.

Ralph Straus

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**the Body-Building Power of Bovril has been proved to be from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.**

## LAWN TENNIS

**Play by Artificial Light**

One of the most interesting developments in the sphere of modern athleticism is to be found in the use of artificial light for the playing of games which are ordinarily (and preferably) played by the light of day. I think I am right in saying that until a comparatively few years ago it was practically impossible to play any game involving hard physical exercise after darkness had once set in, except skittles, and skittles, good game though it is, has always laboured under the drawbacks of what may be termed a pot-house environment.

**The Example of Badminton**

The first game which was found to be playable with as much, or almost as much, enjoyment by artificial as by natural light was badminton, and there is no doubt that the remarkable revival which this game has undergone of late years is due in a very great measure to the opportunities which it affords to the busy man, whose day is spent mainly in an office or a railway train, of combining amusement with exercise, and thereby safeguarding his health to an extent quite unattainable by those who are content with more sedentary recreations. But, popular though the game of badminton is, there is little doubt that lawn tennis is still more popular, and now that the lawn-tennis-at-night problem, if it has not actually been completely solved, is, at any rate, on the verge of solution, we may look for some remarkable developments in a game which from small beginnings has penetrated to nearly every corner of the civilised world.

R. W. POULTON

The famous Oxford, Harlequin, and English International Rugby three-quarter. He played a leading part in the defeat of the South Africans by London at Twickenham. His characteristic method of running with the ball, which he holds at arms' length in front of him, is well shown in the picture

(By H. F. Crowther Smith)

**A Good Start**

To the Covered Courts Club at Dulwich belongs the honour of being the pioneer club of night play in England. When it was started, a little more than a year ago, with the object of providing its members with play by night as well as by day, it attracted plenty of players, but its promoters were by no means overwhelmed with favourable criticisms. They did not profess to be able to provide an absolutely efficient substitute for the light of day, but it was, of course, inevitable that the conditions of play by artificial light would be compared with the conditions of the daylight game. And the result of the comparison could only lead to one conclusion—that the substitute can never quite come up to the original. But the pessimists who averred that the experiment would only be a short-lived one, and that when once the novelty of the thing had worn off night play would die a natural death, have been proved to be wrong. The number of the "Night-Birds" is steadily increasing.

**Possibilities**

There are some players who take to play by artificial light as readily as the proverbial duck to the proverbial water, but they are quite in the minority, and a point which those who try the game for the first time are apt to overlook is that it undoubtedly takes some getting used to. First impressions are bound to be disappointing, and can only be corrected by perseverance, but when once a player becomes acclimatised to the special conditions he finds that the feeling of irritation at not being able to sight the ball so easily as in the daylight practically disappears, and that it is possible to get plenty of fun out of the game. The amount

of skill shown by some of the players who use the courts at Dulwich fairly constantly in the evenings is remarkable. Another thing to be borne in mind is that the best method of illuminating courts has probably yet to be discovered. So far things have not really got much beyond the experimental stage. Some courts are being erected in Paris in which artificial light will be installed, and it will be interesting to see how the system adopted there compares with the systems in vogue at the already existent covered court clubs of Stockholm, Bremen, and Dulwich.

## RUGBY FOOTBALL

### Those Puzzling Springboks

The form of the South Africans continues to present a puzzle to the critics. They never play badly, but they sometimes play quite moderately, and of late they seem to have been playing moderately and extremely well by turns. Their latest victory, in the first of their international matches, against Scotland, was a veritable triumph, for the Scotsmen proved to be quite a fine side, and actually had the best of matters for the first twenty minutes, during which they were a bit unlucky on two occasions in not scoring. But the South Africans' chief assets are pace and weight, and these two things in conjunction go more than halfway towards the making of a great side, especially when supplemented (as in the South Africans' case) by sound kicking. If they can give and receive their passes properly, their splendid pace enables them to score by the ordinary methods, and as their weight makes the work very trying for their opponents they are especially formidable towards the end of a match, particularly when they have got the lead. This was the case on Saturday, after the Scottish forwards had been gradually worn down. The London match, on the other hand, proved that it is possible to hold them, and that when held they do not possess the ingenuity which enables a really great side to win by some subtle alteration in its tactics. H. S. S.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY v. DUBLIN UNIVERSITY: A TIMELY KICK INTO TOUCH

Their defeat at Oxford on the Tuesday of last week by 11 points to 8 was the first which Dublin University had sustained this season. The match was also remarkable for the fact that a penalty try was given against Oxford—the first time that such a thing has happened to the team

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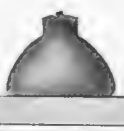

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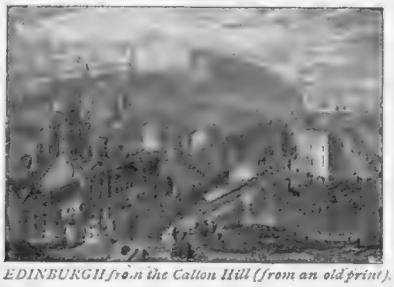

*EDINBURGH from the Calton Hill (from an old print).*

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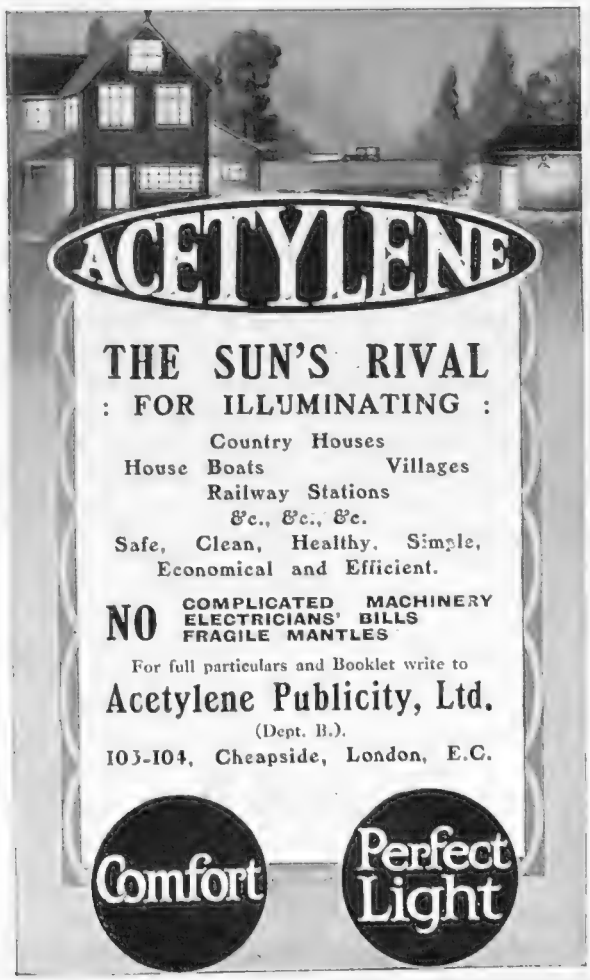


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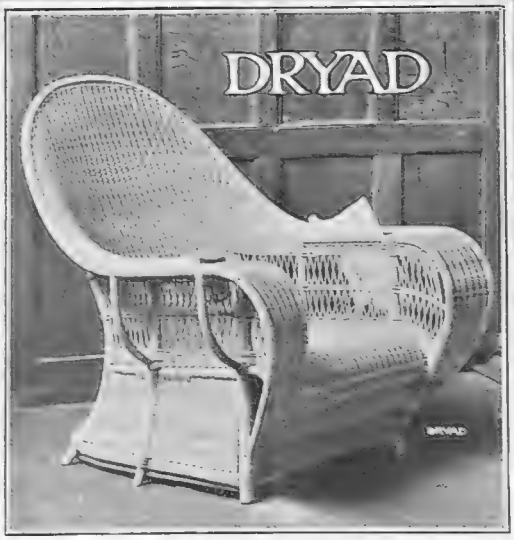


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Illustrated Catalogue post free from the maker, Y dept., Dryad Works, Leicester.

# IN THE GRIP OF GOUT.

## WARNING SIGNS OF URIC ACID.

Take a score of brisk, healthy-looking people at random from those you meet in the street; among them a medical man would be able to pick out a high percentage of sufferers from gout. The peculiarity of this, our national disease, is that one may be in its grip without knowing it. Gout masks its approach insidiously and presents symptoms we generally associate with other and minor ailments.

The tendency to develop gout—the "Gouty habit," as it is termed—results in abnormal production or deficient removal of uric acid from the system. The result is accumulation of uric acid in the body and the

**EARLY STAGES OF GOUT.**

It is at this stage of gout that pain in the chest and back and flatulence are experienced after meals; and drowsiness, headache, irritability, contribute to a general *malaise*. Symptoms of this sort make their appearance between the ages of 35 and 40, the gouty age. The development of gout is next marked by the appearance of small, hard lumps beneath the skin—usually on the rim of the ear, upon the eyelids, or upon the ankles or finger-joints. These nodules are actual concretions of uric acid.

If these signs of gout are neglected, or pass unrecognised, the disease soon assumes its better known and far more distressing forms, such as acute gout, due to the deposit of the uric acid in the joints, generally a joint in the foot. The attack begins, as a rule, by a sharp burning pain that steadily grows worse, until it reaches a frightful intensity. Repetitions of the attack may with confidence be expected so long as the uric acid is allowed to remain in the system.

**THE BANE OF URIC ACID.**

The uric acid often attacks the sheaths of the nerves—usually the principal nerves of arm or thigh—and the darting tortures of neuritis or sciatica ensue. The painful stiffness of the muscles in rheumatism is caused by uratic deposit. Lumbago, too, is another form of gout. Gouty eczema is caused by the irritant presence of uric acid in the skin. Kidney stone and gravel are uric acid compounds.

If only uric acid can be expelled from the system the gouty subject may enjoy lasting freedom from the extremes of pain. What is needed to accomplish this is a powerful and active uric acid solvent and eliminant, that will expel the uric acid completely from the system. This rational and scientific method of ridding the system of uric acid excess is provided by Bishop's Varalettes.

For many years physicians have prescribed Bishop's Varalettes to their gouty patients for both relief and prevention of all forms of uric acid disorders. A remedy which, like Bishop's Varalettes, has won the approval of the critical medical faculty of this country, whose knowledge of gout and its treatment is unequalled, may certainly deserve the confidence of all gouty subjects.

**FOOD TO AVOID.**

Certain foods—particularly those rich in nitrogen—tend to augment the formation of uric acid. Those who have the "gouty habit," or who already suffer from gout, will therefore do well to learn what these foods are and to avoid them. The choice of a non-gout-provoking diet need not, however, entail any particular hardship; for of suitable uric-acid-free, yet palatable, foods there are plenty. In a useful book published by the makers of Bishop's Varalettes, the dietetic values of most articles of food are discussed from the gouty subject's point of view, and authoritative information is given regarding not only dieting, but other factors in the treatment of gout.

Copies of this book may be obtained without charge from the sole makers of Bishop's Varalettes, Alfred Bishop, Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, 48, Spelman Street, London, N.E. Please write for Booklet A.

Bishop's Varalettes are obtainable at all chemists, 1*s.*, 2*s.*, and 5*s.*; or they may be had from the makers.


# Racing Notions

## STEEPLECHASING PROSPECTS

BY CARBINE

**Outlook for the Winter Sport**

Here we are with no more flat-racing until next spring, but plenty of good healthy cross-country sport to keep us alive. I am glad to know that Jerry M., the hero of last season's Grand National, is still fit and well, and I hope we shall see this grand horse make another effort to carry off the greatest prize of the winter season. His owner, Sir Charles Assheton-Smith, is, perhaps, the foremost supporter of steeplechasing at the present time. I hear that he has just got hold of a splendid young Irish jumper called Cooldreen. Look out for him. He is likely to win some of the chief races of the season. Mr. R. Gore has an excellent lot of jumpers at his stables at Findon, and bids fair to have a successful winter.

**Stables to Follow**

Another stable which will probably turn out plenty of winners during the next few months is that managed by Captain R. H. Collis in Shropshire. Formerly an Irish M.F.H., Captain Collis is himself a fine rider over a country, and he has the satisfaction of training for an excellent sportsman in Mr. Frank Bibby, who loves to see his colours carried by a really good jumper. He has already won the Grand National twice, and hopes to repeat the achievement with the young horse, Thowl Pin, who was purchased in Ireland during the summer, and has already displayed his class by winning his first race in this country. Captain Percy Whitaker had a great season a year ago, and I see no reason why he should not do well again. He has plenty of good jumpers in his boxes at Royston. One of them, Axle Pin, is likely to make a good effort to win for Lord Derby his first Grand National. Unlike Captain Collis and Captain Whitaker, Tom Coulthwaite has had no personal experience of cross-country riding; indeed, I doubt whether he has ever stuck on a horse over a fence. Yet there is no more successful trainer of jumpers. He has a wonderful way of getting his horses to the top of their form, and his training-ground at Hednesford is one of the best I have ever seen.

**Selections**

Steeplechasing is always good at Newbury, where a meeting takes place on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. One approaches the task of attempting to pick winners so early in the season with some diffidence. Here goes, however. The Berks Hurdle Handicap on Wednesday may be won by **Tiger II.** and the Novices' Steeplechase on the same afternoon by **Bruton.** On the following day **Twelfth Lancer** or **Ballyhackle** may take the Cranborne Steeplechase, and I expect **Dalnaspidal** to secure the Juvenile Hurdle Race. Turning to the Kempton Park meeting, which opens on Friday, I select **General's Pride** for the chief hurdle race and **Flaxen** for the Uxbridge Steeplechase. On Saturday I think **King of the Scarlets** will win the Richmond Steeplechase and **Dark Collar** the Staines Hurdle Race.

# MENTON

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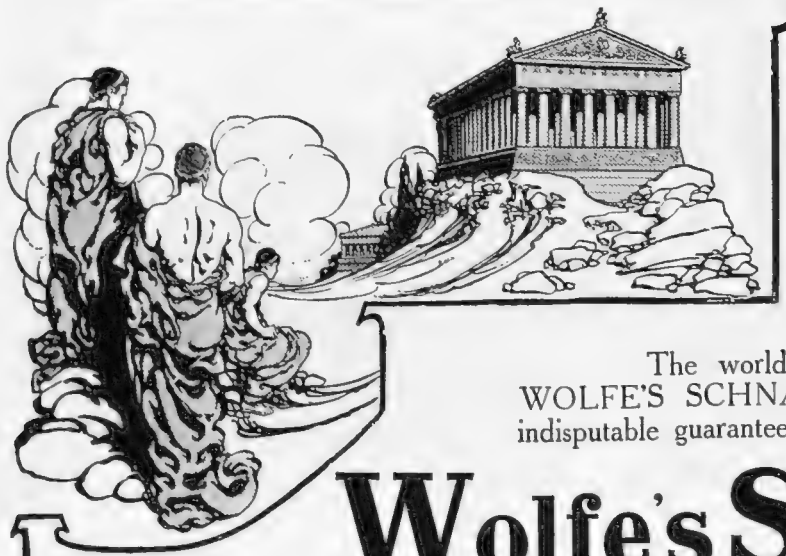

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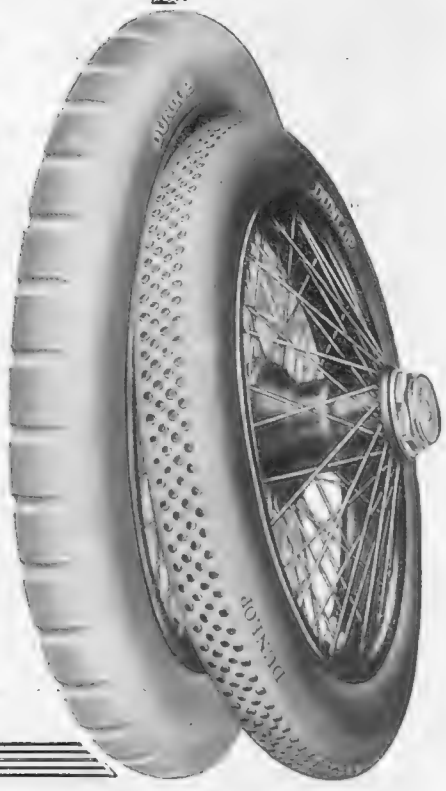


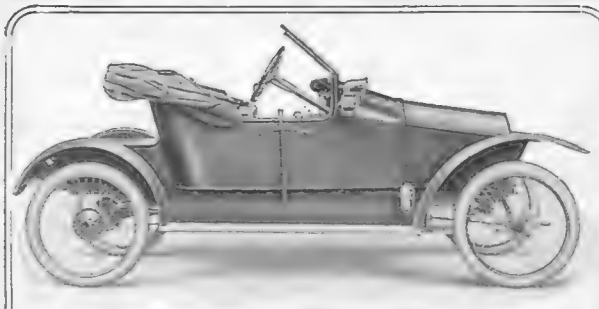

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GLENCROE—"REST AND BE THANKFUL"

The occupants of the Fiat and Lucas valveless cars are certainly doing the first. If they are not also experiencing a sense of thankfulness for the mercy of glorious views we shall be surprised

# MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

**On With the New**

Having very successfully, with little regret, put off the old (Motor-Car) Show, we are now in the midst of the new (Motor Cycle) Show, which started on Monday last and will continue until Saturday next. After this, and the Paris *Salon* next month, and the Scottish Show at Edinburgh, and the North of England Show at Manchester early in the new year, I think we may very happily give a final farewell to Shows until Olympia next November, and offer thanks in that we have managed to survive—if we do. If the Earls Court scheme for making a mammoth exhibition hall in the place where is now a number of booths and minor buildings, materialises, the next Olympia will, perhaps, be our last. The Motor Show has outgrown its present quarters very considerably, and, quaintly, the Horse Show is, I hear, wanting more space. Thus the two great antagonists—the horse and the car—have a common need, although they have very largely changed spheres with one another. The horse to-day is not a utilitarian beast, but a sporting accessory. The car has almost passed out of its sporting stage and become a utilitarian instrument. To know anything of the days when the car made an heroic pastime for the wholly intrepid, we have to turn up the record which Mr. Charles Jarrott has made in his book, *Ten Years of Motors and Motor Racing*, just reprinted by Grant Richards, and sold at *2s. 6d.*—easily the most interesting and the most enthralling work of its kind I know of.

**The Rise of the Motor-Cycle**

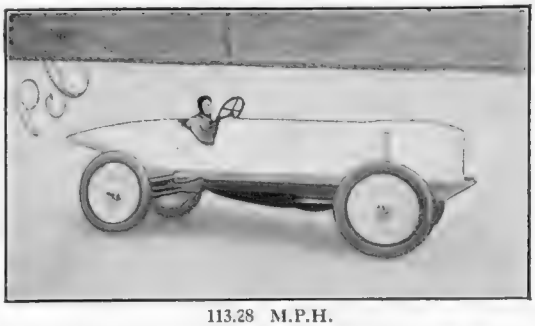
But that is by the way. We are in the atmosphere of the Motor-Cycle Show—the Cycle and Motor-Cycle Show, to give it its full title; although the cycle part of it stirs us as much to-day as a show of hosiery. The motor-cycle itself goes on from strength to strength, improving its power-plant and perfecting its transmission as certainly as the engine and transmission of the car are perfected. Even more wonderfully; because the motor-cycle engine is more delicately devised and relies almost entirely upon air radiation for its cooling. Its percentage of efficiency to-day is a standing marvel. An intimate inspection of the means by which efficiency has been secured is a liberal education in precision work. Regarded as an expression of machine mechanics (if that quasi-tautological form will be excused), it has, perhaps, an even greater attraction to the technical eye than the car engine. The Rudge exhibit, on Stand 96, can be taken as typical of the notable manner in which the British manufacturers are doing, in connection with the motor-cycle, what they did in connection with the "push" cycle.

REVOLUTION!

The latest form of aeroplane, revolutionising common practice in the disposition of its planes, which, it will be observed, are set lengthwise, not breadthwise. Trial flights on the Templehofer Field in Berlin have, it is reported, demonstrated that the machine possesses great speed and that quality of first importance, aerial stability

**The Miniature Motor-Car**

There is, again, this extraordinary and comparatively sudden concentration upon the cycle-car, which is a compromise between the motor-cycle and side-car combination, and the automobile major. Already large numbers have been produced, and very attractive, highly finished miniature motor-cars some of them are. Undoubtedly they will find much acceptance among motorists as tenders to the larger vehicle—little runabouts used for odd jobs to save the big machine. Undoubtedly, too, they will appeal to a section of the side-car motor-cyclists (a comparatively small section, I imagine) on the one hand and the man who would not look at a motor-cycle at any price, but who cannot run to a car, on the other. But I am somewhat dubious about the size of the market, and more dubious about the prospect of over-production, if the information I have is true, viz., that fifty firms are turning these wee vehicles out. However, that aspect of the case need not trouble us at the moment. The cycle-car has, by R.A.C. letters patent, been turned over to the Auto-Cycle Union, and, therefore, for this year, at any rate, appears with the motor cycles. Particularly I commend an inspection of the Humberette, which strikes me as an exquisite little vehicle.



113.28 M.P.H.

Lord Shrewsbury's 25 h.-p. Talbot which staggered motoring humanity and shattered all records at Brooklands recently

**An Amazing Performance**

Generally during the period of trade activity and public interest brought to focus in the Motor Show, there are attempts to catch the buying eye by spectacular performances of one kind and another. This year has been no exception. The Excelsior, for example—a comparatively new vehicle on this side—went down to Brooklands and smashed world's records by doing 50 miles at an average of 102.36 m.p.h.—a very wonderful performance indeed. But, having regard to its great engine capacity, that performance fades to comparative insignificance by the side of the Talbot effort. Here there was a car of no more than 25 h.-p.—owned by Lord Shrewsbury, driven by Mr. Percy Lambert, shod by Palmer's, and relying for gas mixture upon the Stewart-Talbot speedometer—which, over the half-mile did 113.28 m.p.h., over the kilometre 112.81 m.p.h., over the mile 111.73 m.p.h., and over the lap (2¾ miles) 109.43 m.p.h. A 25 h.-p. four-cylinder! To the making of records (like books) there is no end; but surely we have struck the limit when a car of this power covers a lap at such staggering speed.

Special London Agencies. Rolls-Royce and Minerva cars. Write us your requirements, also for particulars of the new, light Foy Steele cars—a revelation in value.—JARROTT, LIMITED, 35, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W.

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The AUTOTHERM FLASK is not an attempt to imitate older and less perfect makes, but a triumph in construction and efficiency—the most hygienic, and as superior to its rivals as the modern locomotive is to the early steam engine. It is also the *cheapest* as well as the *best*.

Most useful when Motoring, Cycling, or in the Train—and for keeping Liquid Foods for Infants and Invalids at the right temperature during the night.

A Few Points of Superiority in the Autotherm Vacuum Flask.

1. The Hygienic parchment over cork avoids all possibility of contamination of contents that is present with other makes.
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3. Ingenious rubber device protects neck of bottle.
4. "AUTOTHERM" carries EXTRA CUPS. Other makes carry ONE only.
5. Drinking Cups slip on—released in a second. No screw-on part to retain remains of liquid.
6. Top held rigidly by metal clutch.
7. The "AUTOTHERM" can be taken quickly apart. Inner parts detached in a few seconds.
8. Bottle rests on rubber cushion which prevents breakage.

Summed up, the "AUTOTHERM" is more reliable, more hygienic, more convenient, and more lasting than any other flask.

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THE
# BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 469.—Vol. XXXVI. Wednesday, November 27, 1912 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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The House stands well back from the road, and is approached through lodge entrance and covered way, amidst

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COMPANY'S WATER. GAS COULD BE CONNECTED.
THERE IS A GATE LODGE, AND STABLING.
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IN THE CENTRE OF THE BLACKMORE VALE.

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Exquisite views. Many of the rooms are
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MASSIVE OAK BEAMS.
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*10 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms, grand old staircase, 4 magnificent reception rooms with oak panelling; stabling, lodges, 2 farmhouses, several cottages.*
NO TITHE OR LAND TAX.
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Two long carriage drives with lodges, ample stabling, several cottages, farmery, including also an ADVOWSON OF LIVING AND MANOR. Shooting over 3,000 acres can be rented, or the mansion and shooting might be let.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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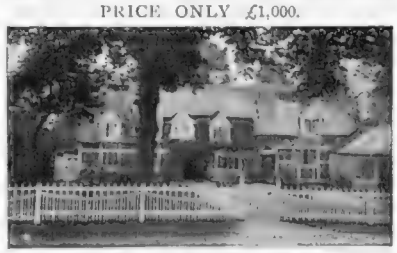

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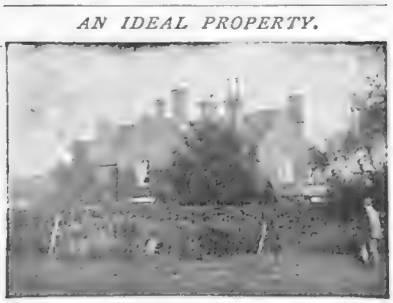

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*Ideal situation; near golf links; 9 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, excellent offices.*

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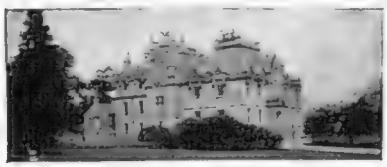

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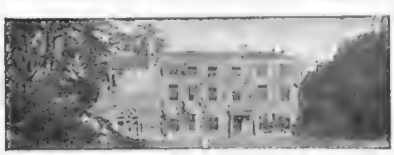

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*Old oak beams, open fireplaces, Adam's overmantels.*

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MAGNIFICENT OLD OAK STAIRCASE.
Exquisite old-world gardens of 3 ACRES. High up; gravel soil. Golf, hunting, shooting. All in perfect order. £700 recently spent. Price, £1,500.

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Golf and hunting. Excellent water supply.
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**ONE HOUR FROM TOWN (near Guildford).**—CHARMING COUNTRY MANSION, well situated, commanding grand views: 15 bed and dressing, suite of 5 handsome reception rooms, large hall; standing in beautiful grounds and well-timbered parklands, nearly 30 ACRES. MORE LAND UP TO 100 ACRES CAN BE BOUGHT. Stabling for 4, motor garage, cottage; entrance lodge; Company's water; perfect drainage. Price, £9,500, or would be Sold with less land.—Full particulars and series of photos of the Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

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PICTURESQUE NORTH DEVON.—High up, with views to Dartmoor, Exmoor, and Cornish Hills.
HUNTING, SHOOTING, FISHING, GOLF.

**PICTURESQUE COUNTRY HOME:** lounge hall, 3 magnificent reception, billiard, bath, 12 bed and dressing rooms; stabling; farmery, pretty pleasure grounds, and pasture-land, in all about 46 ACRES. Hot and cold water, gas, modern drainage. BARGAIN, £2,400.—Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

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COMMANDING GRAND VIEWS.

**SURREY** ('midst lovely country, 40 minutes from Town).—11 bedrooms, 3 bath, full-sized billiard, 4 handsome reception rooms. BEAUTIFUL WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS AND PARKLANDS 10 ACRES.
Capital stabling, cottage, lodge, farmery; Company's water, gas, telephone; perfect order throughout. Price, £6,000, or offer. Inspected and strongly recommended.

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A PERFECT KENTISH ESTATE, APPEALING TO BUYERS OF REFINED TASTES.

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NOTORIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS AND PARKLANDS OF 35 ACRES.

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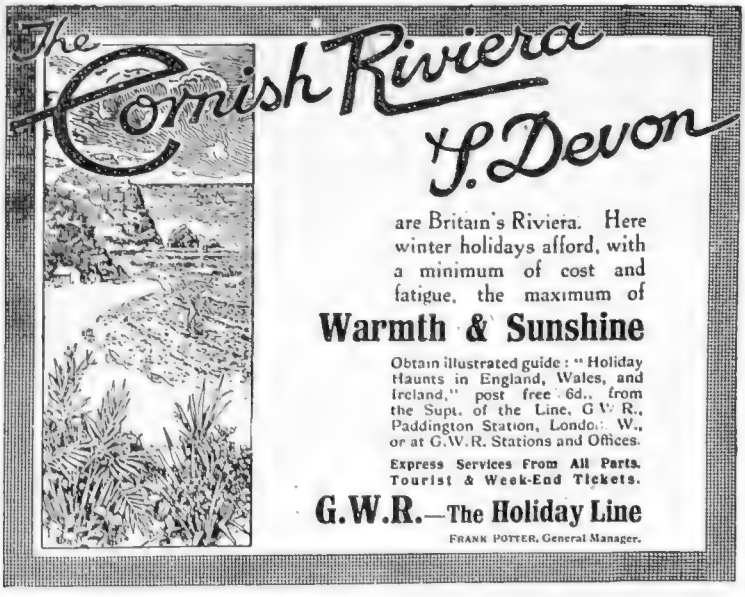

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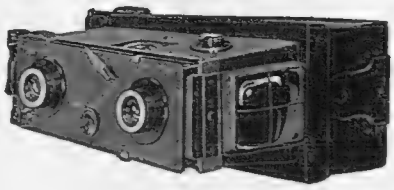

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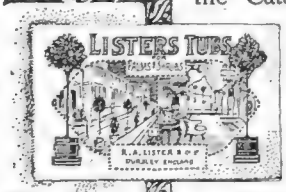


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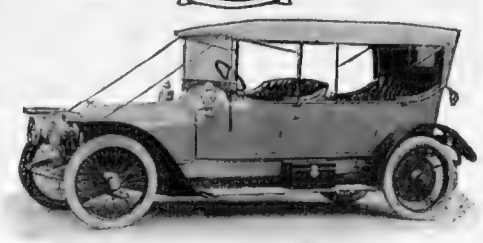

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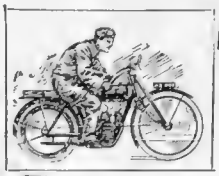

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Rich Hudson's Bay Sable. Straight Scarves made from six full winter skins, fur both sides.

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Pretty Tie in Russian colour Stone Marten, with hanging skins of real Ermine.

**Price 12½ Guineas.**

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Useful shaped Stole, made from Hudson's Bay Sable. Can be worn in several pretty ways.

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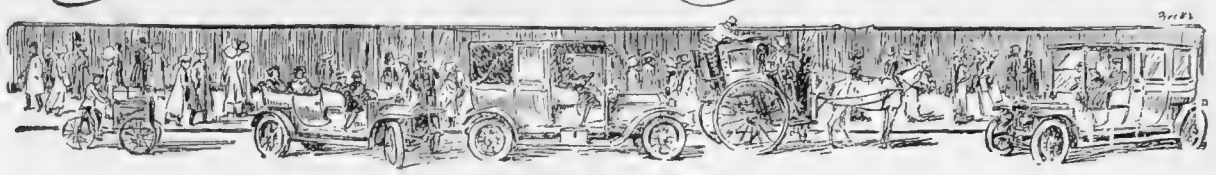
# Fashion's Fancies.



By MRS. JACK MAY

### Fancy Dress "In Extenso"

THE Christmas Pantomime Ball to be held at the Albert Hall on December 4 in aid of the University College Hospital bids fair to outrival its predecessor, the great Hundred Years Ago affair. So much has already been written in the daily Press regarding the scheme of arrangement that I am mainly concerned in bringing the subject on the tapis to draw attention to the extremely liberal behaviour of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody in bringing out, wholly at their own cost, an illustrated brochure of fancy dresses, specially designed by Crow. In several instances the pictures are coloured. Notable among these are historical characters, such as Blanche of Spain, Lady of Charles II. period, together with such realistic presentments as a spider's web, "This is the House that Jack Built," "1st of April, All Fools' Day." Merely to glance through this book is to bring inspiration, and a close study of it simply sets one on the *qui vive* to be up and doing. Personally, I regard it as calculated to have a far more reaching influence than the particular ball that has evoked its production. In connection with which I may add, that any dresses chosen are being made by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody at special prices. Could generosity, in faith, go further?

A PRETTY FROCK

For a child, carried out in oyster-white satin, the chief feature of which is an under-bodice of "ninon" or fine net

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

### Concerning Hats

Please, I have to talk about hats, and men's hats at that. Fortunately, I have a little experience. Possessing menfolk who refuse to select headgear lacking my assistance, I may safely say that at Messrs. Harman and Sons, 87, New Bond Street, there is a supply capable of meeting all manner of tastes, and, if I may say so, eccentric heads. There is no funnier situation than to see a man balancing a hat, the shape of which he likes, on a head that it does not fit. But Messrs. Harman and Sons have a wonderful conformateur with which they undertake to fit the most difficult head, and, what is more, to register the shape and size. It really saves a lot of trouble, does this sort of consideration. There is a particularly exhaustive selection of Austrian *velours* hats at Harman and Sons, the crowns of various heights to suit long and thin faces or those that are full and wide.

The firm are equally *au fait* in ladies' riding hats, and are showing two very distinct shapes in felt and a smart, rather low crown silk hat with a widish curled brim. But much more than this brief survey can be gathered from an illustrated booklet that can be had on application at 87, New Bond Street.

### Pretty Frock for Little Girl

The chief feature of this dainty little model, which is carried out in oyster-white satin, is the artistic under-bodice of *ninon* or fine net, thrown back by a frill. If net is used, the edge may be left raw, but *ninon* requires to be narrowly hemmed. But the point is to keep this frill like a snowflake. The bodice is cut on Magyar lines, and a finish to the elbow sleeve is provided in a shapely ruffle surmounted by a band of swansdown or fur, the latter again outlining the hem of the slim skirt.

Swansdown, which has taken on quite a fresh lease of life, is charming on children's dresses.

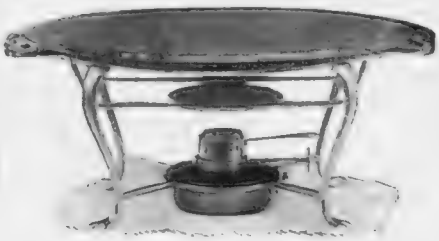
### Preliminary Christmas Shopping

With the curious previousness that marks all our doings nowadays, shopping for the festive season has begun in real earnest. If there is a sparsity of novelties—and that seems to be the general admission—the choice in old favourites and stand-by useful possessions is considerably augmented. However, this statement requires some modification where the firm of D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, is concerned. The art needlework department here is remarkably equipped with fresh ideas, one of which has been commandeered for the illustration. The quaintly attired doll in a dress of the Second Empire is really a tea-cosy, the head and body part of china, while the gown of crinoline aspect is of flowered silk gauze. This essentially Parisian suggestion may be familiar to those who are in the habit of visiting the Gay Capital, several large *couturière* establishments using these little part china figures for pincushions. And they are also to be found in that capacity at D. H. Evans, a small trinket box being concealed beneath the flowing skirt, a firm padding providing for the insertion of pins.

THE LATEST THING IN TEA-COSIES

FOUR USEFUL NOVELTIES OBTAINABLE FROM MESSRS. D. H. EVANS, OXFORD STREET

A SMART ATTACHÉ CASE



A COMBINED TABLE HEATER AND COOKER

A COFFEE SERVICE OF INDIAN TREE PATTERN CHINA

### Small Things of Large Interest

For my lady's dainty toilet table, could anything more bewitching be imagined? And the cost is so reasonable—only *4s. 6d.* Also from this department is a collapsible handkerchief sachet, one of a set including glove and veil cases. The top is of embroidered silk, and the sides of finely gauged silk. According to the contents this is stretched up to its full extent or gradually subsides into flatness. In this department, too, consideration should be accorded a gold lace centre-piece and d'oyleys that have been put through some special metallising process, whereby the gold is rendered absolutely firm, and, moreover, impervious to spots and stains; while in lesser gifts there is a series of books in printed linen covers, on each of which an original verse is written, giving its purport. Thus a cookery book has, "If you would make a cake that's light, Be sure your recipe is right."

### A Novel Motor Bag

Well, I must away from this fascinating centre to another section of the house that is, in its own way, equally alluring—that devoted to leather and silverware. Without some clear knowledge of one's needs, the amazing variety of choice here is apt to prove a trifle bewildering. No doubt, however, lingers round the motor-bag depicted, designed on the lines of the familiar soft collar-box. It is of polished black hide, lined leather, usually some light colour, and is fitted with every possible toilet requirement, even to a manicure set, and a centre receptacle for a rubber sponge. Whoever conceived this exceedingly practical motoring accessory has conferred a real boon on the feminine community.

### Some Further Innovations

Suitable to either sex is a fitted attaché case, which again represents a travelling joy. It is of solid leather, fitted with a good lock, and, according to the size, is priced at *21s. 9d.*, *23s. 9d.*, and *27s. 6d.* Nor is my story concluded yet, this vast emporium covering the whole gamut. Thus in an adjoining department to the fancy goods there is to be found a convenient smoker's standard table. This hails from the neighbourhood of Nuremburg, where craftsmanship with old iron is well known. The table stands 28in. high, and so serves the smoker's needs as he reclines in an easy chair, while the price is but *10s. 11d.* Another interesting specialty is a brass tray equipped with an after-dinner coffee-pot, sugar-basin, cream-jug, and two cups in well-known Indian tree pattern china. There are wicker handles to the tray, which is of a new burnished sort of brass, and Messrs. D. H. Evans are in a position to offer the whole affair at the incredibly moderate price of *19s. 9d.*

### The Truth About the Cyclax Remedies

It is now an open secret, and one is pleased to proclaim it on the housetops of The Bystander, that the sole proprietress of the Cyclax preparations is Mrs. Hemming, who for no fewer than twenty-three years has been supplying and applying these really wonderful skin specifics to practically all the well-known beauties of the period and many Royal personages. From year's end to year's end, except when she takes a necessary and most well-deserved holiday, Mrs. Hemming's book of appointment never shows a blank space. Long before beauty culture became the profession it is to-day the skin food, special lotion etc., all compounded in Mrs. Hemming's own

# Smart and Novel Aids to Beauty.

By MILDRED ST. AUBYN.

Note.—Owing to repeated requests, Miss St. Aubyn has now arranged to answer by post (free of charge) all reasonable questions relating to beauty. Letters must contain a self-addressed stamped envelope, and be directed to Mildred St. Aubyn, c/o The Editress, "Our Home," 6, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.

The simplest things often give the most desirable and natural results. The more layers of creams, powders, etc., you put on your skin the more artificial and made-up you appear. Moreover, the texture of the skin deteriorates under such abuse. The really smart women of to-day use the purest natural aids to beautify hair and complexion. The simple things that I counsel should be on every toilet table. They may generally be procured from the nearest chemist. In case he does not have them on hand, he can always order them for you from the wholesaler. I have thoroughly tested the ingredients I advise, and know that success follows their regular use.

"Enlarged Pores." Jean.—This lotion applied daily will help you. Elderflower water 6 ounces, eau de Cologne ½-ounce, tincture benzion 1 drachm, cucumber juice 1 ounce. Mix thoroughly.

"Renewed Complexion." Footlights.—Absorbing the outer layers of the complexion will give you a rejuvenated skin. This can be done harmlessly and painlessly by the application of jettaline nightly, used as a cold cream, until the discoloured particles have disappeared. I have seen wonderfully fresh, blooming complexions result from following this treatment for about ten days.

"Silky Hair." Vera Violette.—I have already indicated that the scalp requires brushing as well as the hair. Dryness and brittleness of the hair are best overcome by mixing about an ounce of boranium in ½-pint of bay rum. Rub this well into the scalp with the finger-tips and it will stimulate the growth and make the hair soft and silky.

"Chapped Hands." W. H. T.—I find that this preparation, recommended by the *Journal de Médecine*, is the best cure for chapped hands. Tannic acid 8 grains, glycerine 5 drachms, rose water 6 ounces.

"Dry Skin." M. Morris.—If you have a naturally dry skin you should never use an alkaline soap. I find that Pilenta (soap) can be used without injury to a sensitive skin, on the contrary, that dry, parched feeling usual after washing will disappear. It has a delicate and unique perfume that will please you, even if you do object to scented soap.

"Allacite." Mrs. R. T. H.—Have you tried the natural allacite of orange blossom instead of a vanishing cream? It has the fresh fragrance of the blossoms and gives the skin a delicate, soft finish. If you wish to use powder it will hold it more perfectly than a made-up preparation.

"Toilet Water." Lillian.—A good, simple toilet water is made of elderflower water 2ozs., distilled water 2 ozs.

"Hairy Arms." Dundee.—There are many advertised preparations, but I cannot give you any information regarding them. It is better to get an ounce of pheminol and apply it to the superfluous hair. It will soon shrivel up and can be rubbed off, leaving your skin quite clear.

"Unpleasant Odour." N. J. G.—You can immediately neutralise and prevent that objectionable odour which comes from the excessive perspiration by the use of powdered white pergol rubbed lightly over the affected surface.

"Split Finger Nails." Mrs. Billie.—Rub a little olive oil on your nails, and do not use water that is too hot in washing your hand.

"Ill-formed Eyebrows." Adrienne L.—You can darken and train your eyebrows by applying a little tennaline every night, and brushing them lightly in the morning. This will also make them thicker. The same treatment will give you beautiful lashes.

"Peachy Bloom." Lady Diana.—From what you say I think the appearance is neither natural nor the result of powder. Probably she uses a solution of clemenite (one ounce in four ounces of water is the proportion). If the face is bathed in this and rubbed dry, the result is that childish fairness you describe and the effect will last for hours. It is very difficult to detect. No powder is necessary.

"Red Nose."—I told you to get 20 grains of tannic acid and one ounce of glycerine, mix and apply twice a day. Why did you allow yourself to be persuaded into trying something else?

"Brilliantine and Shampoo." S. V. R.—A good receipt to make the hair lustrous is 25 grains of cologne, 25 grains of perovaseline, and 1 grain of pilocarpine. Use very little on a hair brush. The best shampoo is pure stallax. It does not leave that soapy feeling, cleans the scalp beautifully, and leaves the hair soft and wavy with that delicate suggestion of its own natural perfume so much desired by smart women.

"Care of the Lips." Dorothy.—The utmost care should be taken regarding applications to the lips, as the skin is particularly thin and sensitive. It is better, instead of rouge, to just use a stick of soft prolactum. It will protect the lips and give them a very natural colour.

"Tooth Wash." Mrs. B. G. P.—A good, inexpensive wash for the teeth is made of equal parts of green soap, alcohol and water, add pure glycerine sufficient to sweeten, and a few drops of oil of rose and oil of wintergreen to flavour.

"Anæmic." Millicent B.—If you are anxious to impart a tinge of colour to your pale cheeks, use a little powdered colliandum. The effect is perfectly natural, and will stand the closest scrutiny. It is quite harmless.

"Swollen Feet." E. C. Y.—If your feet are giving you so much trouble, try a teaspoonful of Onalite in a hot foot bath. It will immediately relieve that swelling and burning and will check the abnormal perspiration.


# Maternity Gown

## "Barri"

Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions, and is capable of the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening. Can be made without fitting.

*Many designs for Day or Evening wear.*

Prices from 6 Gns.

**Home Dinner Gown of soft white satin. The tunic of black marquisette is edged with narrow jet, the bodice is of soft white chiffon, the waist finished with a narrow band of jade-green velvet.**

PRICE **11** GNS.

Patents applied for. Unobtainable elsewhere.)

***For Catalogue, apply—A***

## Barri

**72, BAKER ST., LONDON, W.**

Pad. 3682.

**Maternity Corsets & Layettes a Speciality**

**3 FACTS** **1/6** **3 SPECIALITIES**

## PARSONS' SEMITONE

**Improves the sound of your Gramophone. Avoids the scratching of the needle. Makes old records new.**

## PARSONS' TRIPLE-CRYSTAL NEEDLE

**Increases the sound. Will play 80 tunes without changing needle. Will play Sapphire Records as well as disc.**

**2/6**

## PARSONS' AUTOMATIC BRAKE

**The latest invention of its kind, and unique in itself, for it stops the record at the right place every time. It is well worthy of consideration to all users of Talking Machines, is graceful in appearance and in operation. When the record is finished the guide comes into contact with the tone-arm, releases a spring and automatically stops further revolutions, thus obviating any possibility of damage to the record.**

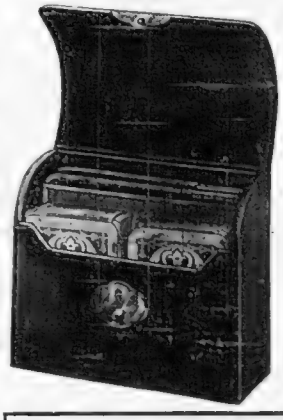
**PARSONS' SEMITONE & AUTOMATIC BRAKE CO.,**

37 and 39, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

laboratory, known as the Cyclax Remedies, were in private use. Now added to the sale, which every year shows not merely a steady, but a prodigious increase, the Cyclax section of the establishment is prepared to give treatment.

### A Miraculous Skin Food

But, of course, as this great skin specialist points out, so much rests with women themselves. It is the unceasing daily care and attention that tells. Tissues that are not fed necessarily deteriorate, and, although there is no disguising the luxury of a treatment given by these skilled hands, the basis of the whole secret is this miraculous skin food, special lotion, and a certain blended lotion. After a single treatment there is frequently an appreciable difference, for the impurities absorbed by the skin are absolutely incredible. But the Cyclax Remedies wage war against that bugbear, age, and defy double chins, together with scraggy throats; indeed, preserving throughout the bloom and contour of youth. There is a certain little chin strap, a quite inexpensive little affair—6*s.* 6*d.*, I think, is the price—that young girls of sixteen or so would benefit by wearing at night, rather, perhaps, as a preventive than as the actual cure of any defect.



A POKER PATIENCE CASE
A dainty speciality of Messrs. De La Rue, which is fully described on this page

Mrs. Hemming has a frankly expressed disapproval of any operative treatments, and although it may seem a little invidious to particularise in a path strewn with roses of success, still one notes a ring of special pride when mention is made of the hundreds of cures affected on people who have never been within touch of 58, South Molton Street.

### A Poker Patience Case

Some very beautiful "Poker Patience" cases have been got up in anticipation of the gift season by Messrs. Thomas De La Rue and Co., Ltd., Bunhill Row, E.C. These dainty cases are made in a variety of choice leathers, morocco, pigskin, crocodile, etc., and contain either two or four packs of first quality enamelled "patience" cards, with round corners and index pips, a twenty-page book of rules bound in leather, and the necessary scoring blocks. Prices range from 12*s.* upwards, at all stationers and stores.

"Poker Patience" is a clever card game, combining all the elements of chance and the exercise of skill in a fascinating way. It may be played by a single individual, or a party of two or more may share in the absorbing interest this novel game affords. It embraces the best features of "poker," while doing away with the gambling interest that alone makes "poker" worth while to the devotee. "Poker Patience" as a progressive game proves a pleasing change for an evening's entertainment from "Progressive Whist" or "Progressive Euchre." The rules are so simple that the merest novice can grasp them at the first table, and pride himself upon proficiency before the evening is over.

Madame ELVIRA
SPECIALIST IN BEAUTY AND FIGURE CULTURE
(Under Royal Patronage.)
4a, Lower Belgrave St., Victoria, S.W.
Telephone: 6017 Victoria.

A PRETTY CHIN.

Have you a double chin, large bust, large hips, large waist, and a large abdomen? Flesh hanging over your corsets at the back, adding years to your age? If so, send stamped envelope to ELVIRA, or call at 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W., when she will give all particulars of a wonderful discovery she herself has made which she guarantees will remove all superfluous flesh. Wrinkles, crow's feet, bagginess beneath the eyes, can all be removed by her simple and HARMLESS method. No body bandages to be worn, no exercises nor dieting necessary. She undertakes to remove a double chin in a fortnight. Doctor writes: "I am surprised at the difference you have made in my patient." This treatment reduced her waist 8in. Another Doctor says: "Apart from the wonderful improvement in her figure, my patient breathes and walks so much better after your treatment." Lady writes: "Your treatment is wonderful—you ought to have London at your feet." Remember, it costs nothing to find out about this remedy, and MADAME ELVIRA guarantees to restore to face and figure the contour of youth. She has never had a failure.

"PLASMON FOODS MAKE BONE, MUSCLE AND BRAIN."—DAVID J——, M.D.
ANALYSIS CANNOT LIE
and Analysis proves that
PLASMON
COCOA
is TEN TIMES more nutritious.
than ordinary cocoa.—*Vide Lancet.*
Cocoa in Perfection, 9d., 1/4, 2/6.
SUPPLIED TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.

SPECIAL OFFER.—An ART METAL BOX, containing a packet of Plasmon, Plasmon Cocoa, Plasmon Oats, Plasmon Biscuits, Plasmon Custard, Plasmon Tea, and Plasmon Chocolate, together with an illustrated Cookery Book, will be sent for 1/- post free, by PLASMON, Ltd. (Dept. 206), Farringdon Street, London.

HARRODS
New Designs in Blouses.
Smart effect and utility are evidenced in these charming blouses, which are fascinating in the extreme.

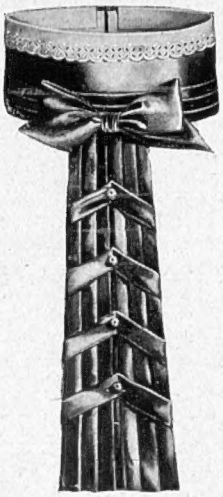
*Orders by post carefully executed.*
*Carriage paid in United Kingdom.*

B.S. "LEINSTER."
Charming Ninon BLOUSE, veiled over net and lace, collar, cuffs, and cravat of net and lace, finished with pearl beads and fine Russia braid. In ivory, sky, pink, navy, black, and all leading colours. Sizes 42, 44, 46 .. .. 14/9

B.S. "LIMERICK."
New Accordion Net and Lace BLOUSE, for afternoon wear, tie of ribbon velvet, in different shades, lined throughout net. Sizes, 42, 44, 46 12/9

HARRODS LTD. LONDON, S.W.
RICHARD BURBIDGE, Managing Director.

# SHOOLBREDS



**Smart Neckwear.**

The "Gatwick" Stock Collar, in Black Satin and a few fashionable Colours, **3/6**

*Carriage Paid in the United Kingdom.*

**Tottenham Court Road, London, W.**

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THE WORLD-FAMED **Angelus** PLAYER PIANOS

the extraordinary success of which is undoubtedly due to **their Artistic Supremacy, Reliability and Moderate Prices.**

**SIR HERBERT MARSHALL & SONS, Ld.,**
Dept. 79, Angelus Hall, Regent House, Regent St., Lndn.

Trial Bottle. **6d.**

**SEEGER'S SEEGEROL**
FOR GREY HAIR.

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 7d., large case 2/2 post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers everywhere or direct. HINDES LTD., Finsbury, London.

# CALOX
## THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

**Use it Night and Morning**

Sound, white teeth are surely a rich enough return for using Calox twice a day.

The Oxygen which Calox liberates puts an end to that decomposition of food particles upon which harmful bacteria thrive. The gums are invigorated, the teeth whitened, and the breath purified in the pleasantest way.

**TEST CALOX FREE**

A personal test of Calox will make you a regular user more surely than all else. Sample and book free. Calox sells ordinarily in non-wasting boxes at 1/1½. The Calox Tooth Brush sells 1/- everywhere.

G. B. Kent & Sons, Ltd.
75 Farringdon Road,
London.

# TOOK OUT EVERY WRINKLE IN THREE NIGHTS.

London Woman's Remarkable Transformation. Other Women Try the Same Plan. One Lady says Her Skin is Smooth as a Young Girl's, and adds

**"I AM 50 YEARS OLD."**

*Are you wearing a wrinkled mask? If you are, won't you let me tell you how to get rid of it? I have done it for thousands, and I can do it for you.*

## 1,000 TREATMENTS ABSOLUTELY FREE

From wrinkles, ugliness, to fair, soft beauty in three nights. Such was the marvellous transformation wrought when the hand of modern science touched the wrinkled face of Harriett Meta. From a humdrum existence she is, to-day, the talk of two Continents. She is as famed for her beauty on the fashionable and exclusive resorts of Paris as on the quiet streets of her home town.

It was Harriett Meta's rare good fortune to make a wonderful discovery for which others have long been seeking in vain. Previously she had tried everything that science and ingenuity could suggest in a desperate effort to rid herself of the defacing lines, furrows, and wrinkles that were steadily robbing her of all youth and beauty.

Beauty Specialists, Face Massage, Masks, Creams, and Steaming Pots had all failed in rapid succession, and her wrinkles seemed deeper than ever.

One day she took matters in her own hands, and evolved a simple process of her own. The effect was startling. Even one night brought astounding results. Two nights found wrinkles practically gone, and the third treatment—three nights in all—and her skin was as smooth and clear as a child's.

From what this discovery has done for Harriett Meta, and from what other ladies say it has done for them, it would seem possible that almost any woman, no matter what the extent or depth of her wrinkles, might have them removed entirely and for ever by means of this lucky discovery. For women without number testify to the marvellous results this simple process has wrought in their own case.

Mrs. F. G. Ledon, of Portland, writes: "I am more than pleased with the results obtained from the use of your Triplex Beauty Treatment. It is most wonderful, as I have completely removed all my lines and wrinkles by its use. I cannot thank you enough."

Mrs. S. Holmgren, of North Duxbury, writes: "It actually seems as if my face had taken another shape. It has made me look so much younger, and my skin is as smooth and fair as that of a young girl—and I am fifty years old."

Three years have passed over the head of this plucky and lucky woman, and to-day finds her famous as one of the world's most noted Beauty Specialists. Women by the thousands and of every class and nation—even ladies of the European nobility—have consulted her to learn her marvellously simple and ingenious method by which she made her wrinkles go and youthful charm return. Many hundred thousand women have written to her about her discovery, and despite her social obligations, prompt attention is given to every letter. She is making thousands of women happy by helping them regain the charms they have lost through trouble, worry, and ill-health.

Arrangements have now been made with this famous Beauty Specialist whereby for the next ten days 1,000 of her Beauty Treatments for the removal of wrinkles will be offered absolutely free to ladies. Readers of THE BYSTANDER should not hesitate to take prompt advantage of this generous offer. It may never be repeated. Thousands of her treatments have been sold in every corner of the globe for 21s. Simply use the Coupon, and YOU may obtain it free. Do not delay, but write to-day, enclosing two penny stamps, if convenient, for posting expenses, and address your letter to Harriett Meta (Dept. 129 R), 212, Great Portland Street, London, W. Your letter will receive prompt attention.

# WRINKLES
## FULL GUINEA TREATMENT FREE

Cut out this Coupon to-day (or write and mention No. 129 R), and post it to the noted Beauty Specialist, Harriett Meta, Dept. 129 R., 212, Great Portland Street, London, W. You will receive full plan for obtaining her world-famous treatment for removing Wrinkles, value 21s., ABSOLUTELY FREE. Good for next ten days to BYSTANDER readers.

*If convenient, enclose two penny stamps for posting expenses.*

# The Menu : Simple Breakfast Dishes

### To Make a Plain Omelette

Break six eggs into a basin (omitting three whites) and beat them up with salt and pepper to taste. Add 1oz. of butter, broken into small pieces. Put 2oz. of butter into a frying-pan, and, as soon as it begins to bubble, pour in the mixture, which should have the whisked whites of the eggs added. Stir one way until the mixture thickens, and when the whole is set, fold the edges over to make it oval. Do not turn it; but to finish it on the upper side hold the pan in front of the fire, or place it under the grill, until just set. The omelette may be flavoured with minced parsley or minced onion, or 2oz. of chopped ham, kidney, or tomatoes.

### Oatmeal Gems

Pour a cupful of boiling water over a cupful of cooked oatmeal, and let it stand overnight; mix one cupful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and half a teaspoonful of salt; mix with the soaked oatmeal, and add enough flour to make a batter that will drop easily from the spoon; bake or fry.

### Stuffed Bloaters

Cut off the heads and tails from three soft-roed bloaters, remove the gut, etc., and wipe clean with a cloth. Next, remove carefully the backbone, and fill the cavity with a stuffing made as follows: Fry in a little butter two tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs; to this add a heaped-up teaspoonful of minced parsley, a very finely chopped shallot, a teaspoonful of French mustard, and a few chopped capers. Put the fish in a well-buttered fireproof china dish, sprinkle over a little oiled butter, and bake in a moderate oven for about fifteen minutes. Serve hot in the dish the fish was cooked in.

### Fish Croquettes

Remove the skin and bones from any kind of cold white fish; put the pieces of fish in a basin. To each ½lb. of fish add 1 oz. of butter, 2oz. of breadcrumbs, and one teaspoonful of curry powder. Season with pepper, salt, grated nutmeg, and a little finely chopped lemon-rind. Next, moisten with a little white sauce and a well-beaten egg. Mix all together and shape into neat croquettes (ball or cork shapes); dip each into egg and breadcrumbs, place them in a wire frying-basket, and fry to a golden colour in hot fat. Garnish with fried parsley, and serve hot.

### Poached Eggs and Tongue

For this dish ¼lb. of cooked tongue will be required; also some neat rounds of buttered toast. Cut the tongue the same size as the toast, and have ready some curry sauce, in which put the pieces of tongue, and heat slowly. Poach an egg for each croûton of toast, and on each put a piece of the tongue and an egg. Pour the sauce over, and serve very hot. EMILIA

---

For the benefit of our lady readers, we have pleasure in giving below a recipe for an excellent Christmas Pudding and Cake, both of which have been frequently tried and found most successful.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

Take ¾lb. of flour, 1oz. of Borwick's Baking Powder, 2oz. of breadcrumbs, 1¼lb. of suet, 2lb. of raisins, 1lb. of currants, 10 oz. of sugar, 2oz. of almonds, 1lb. of mixed candied peel, salt and spice to taste. Mix the ingredients well together, and add six eggs, well beaten, and three-quarters of a pint of milk; divide in two, and boil eight hours.

RICH PLUM CAKE

Take ½lb. of butter and ½lb. of white sifted sugar; beat these with the hand well together into a cream; add four eggs, one at a time, and well beat each one with the butter and sugar; lightly mix in 1lb. of flour, previously mixed with one large teaspoonful of Borwick's Baking Powder; then lightly mix with the whole ½lb. of sultanas; bake at once thoroughly in a quick oven.

### RENOWNED ATHENS

Historic Athens is not only famous in matters of classic interest. Centuries ago it was especially distinguished for its cakes. People of other countries were envious of the Athenians who enjoyed the famous dainties. It still falls to the lot of Greece to provide the best of cakes and other nutritious sweetstuffs, for, as everyone knows, the delicious little Currant is the dried grape of Greece. There is nothing to compare in savouriness and pure nutriment with any dish in which Currants play the leading part. Try this recipe—you will like it.

### Currant Marmalade Pudding

4oz. breadcrumbs, 4oz. suet, 4 oz. sugar, 4oz. marmalade, 4oz. currants, 2oz. flour, two eggs, half teacupful milk. *Method.*—Mix all the ingredients together; grease a pudding basin or mould with butter, and dust with sugar. Put in the mixture, cover with greased paper, and steam three hours.

By Special Appointment to H.M. the King.

FRANK
COOPER'S
"OXFORD"
MARMALADE

"*The Autocrat of Table Preserves.*"

Sample jar free on receipt of 3d. Stamps for Postage, Frank Cooper, Oxford,
KINDLY MENTION NAME OF YOUR GROCER.

IDEAL LIGHTING

WRITE NOW FOR PARTICULARS OF OUR
PETROL GAS LIGHTING.

The Generators can be driven by Weight, or Water from house supply.

*The system is absolutely safe, especially economical, the light is perfect.*

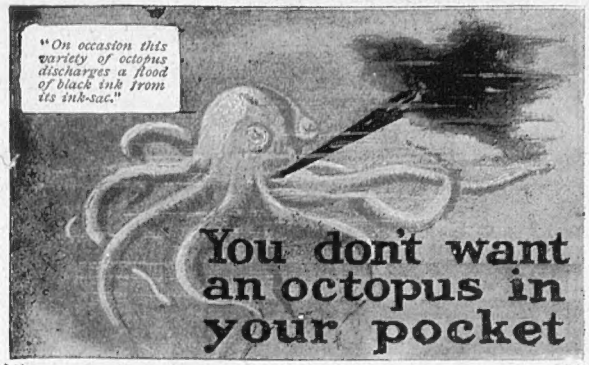
One of the few perfect gas machines giving an absolutely reliable light winter and summer alike. The machine is simple and automatic, and has been installed in hundreds of houses for years past. Cooking Stoves, Bath Heaters, Gas Fires, and all other gas conveniences.

Our staff carries out the entire work without delay, inconvenience, or injury to decorations.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET. SURVEY AND ESTIMATES FREE.

SPENSERS LTD.,
53b, South Molton Street, London, W.,
119b, George St., Edinburgh. Works: Stratford-on-Avon.

Complete Generating Plants also supplied for Export.
Special quotations submitted on receipt of plans.




# You don't want an octopus in your pocket

—but some fountain pens behave exactly like one. They leak ink. You look for your pen and find your pocket full of ink. That is the wrong kind of fountain pen. The right kind is the **Onoto.** Once in your pocket the Onoto is a sealed tube; it cannot leak.

## Simplicity, durability and convenience

These qualities make the Onoto the premier self-filling pen. It needs no apparatus of any kind—no squirt to lose, etc. The Onoto fills itself in a flash from any inkpot.

*GUARANTEE.—The Onoto is British made. It is designed to last a lifetime; but, if it should ever go wrong, the makers will immediately put it right, free of cost.*

**Onoto Pen**

**The Self-filling Safety Fountain**

Price 10/6 and upwards, of all Stationers, Jewellers, and Stores. Booklet about the Onoto Pen free on application to THOS. DE LA RUE & CO., Ltd., 215, BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.

**Ask for ONOTO INK—best for all Pens.**

# In Wet Weather.

The "Allenburys" Glycerine and (Trade Mark) Black Currant Pastilles.

The most robust feel the penetrating, chilling effects of cold, damp, raw air. Husky, rough voice and tickling of the throat may be prevented by the use of the "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles, which are palatable, efficient and harmless. Prepared from the purest glycerine and fresh fruit juice, their delicacy and elegance recommend them to all.

Of all Chemists, in 2 oz., 4 oz., 8 oz. and 1 lb. tins, at 6d., 1/-, 1/7 and 3/- each.

Note the trade marks "Allenburys" and a Plough, which appear on each box.

**Allen & Hanburys Ltd.,**
**37 Lombard Street,**
**London,**
**E.C.**
Est. 1715.

# Hinde's

Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

**Hair Wavers.**

# The Bystander Annual

**READY THIS WEEK.**

**Price One Shilling.**

SMART.
SEASONABLE.
CYNICAL.
TASTEFUL.
TOPICAL.

Offices: Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.

**THE MOST WONDERFUL REPRODUCTION**

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KOPATINE PROGRESSIVE restores white, grey, and faded Hair; most convenient for home use. NO SHAMPOOING REQUIRED. DOES NOT STAIN THE SKIN. Will not wash or brush off, or soil the linen. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Any colour. One size only, **5/6**, post 3d.

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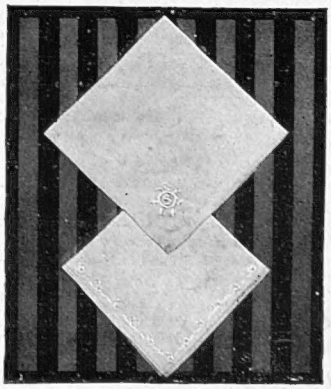


# The Editor's Box

### The Palladium

Notwithstanding the failure of opera at reasonable prices in this country, the Beecham Opera Company are playing at the Palladium to packed houses and enthusiastic audiences. This week they are playing *Il Trovatore*, *Faust*, and *Carmen*. The Beecham Company are lucky in having such talent as Mesdames Doris Woodall and May Storia and Messrs. Harry Reynolds (undoubtedly one of the finest Fausts existent), John Bardsley, Furness Williams, and Frederick Blamey. The productions are magnificent in every way, and the scenes worthy of Italy.

### Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich

*Peggy* is the attraction here this week, while next week *The Chocolate Soldier* will be the weekly visitor.

### An Appeal for Sufferers in the War

The Hellenic community in London have formed a ladies' committee, under the gracious patronage of Her Majesty Queen Alexandra and Her Royal Highness Princess Louis of Battenberg, presided over by Madame Gennadius, wife of H.E. the Greek Minister, for the purpose of soliciting subscriptions in support of the following two funds:—(1) "H.R.H. The Princess Alice of Greece Fund," for the succour of the refugees who are flocking into Greece from the neighbouring provinces, and also for the relief of the destitute families of those at the front; (2) "H.R.H. The Princess Helen of Greece Fund," which provides medical aid and hospital treatment for the sick and wounded. Cheques should be made payable to Messrs. Ralli Bros., and crossed, "Not negotiable: % Payee," and addressed to N. Giannacopulo, Esq., Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of The Hellenic Community of London General Relief Fund, care of Messrs. Ralli Bros., 25, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

### Popularity of Sparkling Moselle

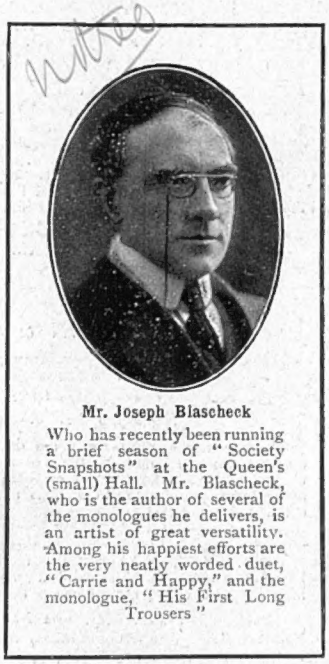
The growing popularity of Sparkling Moselles in England has long been a recognised fact. These wines are made of grapes grown in the valley of the Moselle, the so-called Riesling species, which produce the finest white wines in the world. Many connoisseurs prefer them to French champagnes, which is largely due to the fact that they contain a smaller percentage of alcohol than the French products. A rival to a dry moselle of the quality of Kupferberg's Sparkling Berncastler would, indeed, be difficult to find. Messrs. Kupferberg and Co. concentrate their whole attention on the production of sparkling wines, making no still wines whatever, and they can thus guarantee a brand of really exquisite quality and absolute purity, which is made solely from grapes grown in the Moselle district, where they have their own vineyards and vintage houses. Kupferberg's Sparkling Berncastler is a great favourite in England, where it enjoys the high recommendation of prominent medical authorities on account of its valuable dietetic and non-gouty properties. It is supplied by special appointment to the House of Lords.

### The "Omega"

There is always one article in every class that stands out as a unique

The "Omega" Watch

example of perfection in that class. In watches it is the "Omega." The "Omega" is the last word in watchmaking and the first word in timekeeping. It combines the highest art in case designing with the soundest principles of watch construction. Exact adjustment, life-long reliability, and superb finish will be found in strict keeping with the "Omega" reputation as a timepiece of unusual merit. From the smallest and daintiest wrist watch to the handsomely cased lady's autowatch, there is in the "Omega" series



**Mr. Joseph Blascheck**

Who has recently been running a brief season of "Society Snapshots" at the Queen's (small) Hall. Mr. Blascheck, who is the author of several of the monologues he delivers, is an artist of great versatility. Among his happiest efforts are the very neatly worded duet, "Carrie and Happy," and the monologue, "His First Long Trousers"

a diversity of styles greater and more attractive than can be found under any other watch brand—all at a moderate price.

### The Sparkling Wines of France

For a century the making of sparkling wines was restricted exclusively to the province of Champagne. Mr. Jean Ackerman was the first to conceive and carry out the idea of preparing a sparkling wine at Saumur from the renowned growth of Anjou by following the same selection and blending treatment and processes as used in Champagne. High quality from the first was his aim and object, and that excellent example was faithfully followed by his son and successor, and to-day it is the guiding principle of the present heads of the firm of Ackerman-Laurance, established more than a century ago. All sparkling wines, whether made in Champagne, Saumur, or elsewhere, are *champagnisés*, and in houses of standing are everywhere prepared according to one and the same process. Therefore refrain from selecting an unknown champagne, a second-class or insufficiently known brand, even if it be from Bouzy, Avize, Reims, or Epernay. Choose always the "Dry-Royal" or "Brut-Royal" of Ackerman-Laurance.

### Wright's Again

Children love Wright's, the proprietors of the Coal Tar Soap! The firm are always thinking out something novel and attractive for them. I have before me a copy of the Wright's Coal Tar Soap Prize Painting Book, and this artistic production is not only sent free to applicants who enclose 1*d.* for postage, but numerous prizes are offered children for the best-coloured pictures from the book. Each attempt must be accompanied by the coupon and an outside wrapper of a 4*d.* tablet of the Coal Tar Soap. Applications for the book should be addressed to "Painting," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44-50, Southwark Street, S.E., and a penny stamp should be enclosed for return postage.

### The Vintage of 1912

The following are abbreviated reports received by Messrs. Hedges and Butler from their correspondents in the various wine districts respecting this year's vintage:—*Port:* The total quantity will be smaller than was expected, but in the best situation the wine is expected to be of fine quality. *Sherry:* In the Afueras, where the fine wines are produced, the vintage should prove excellent as regards quality, the weather having been all that could be desired during the process of maturing and the picking of the fruit. *Burgundy:* The vintage took place under most brilliant conditions. *Champagne:* The spring weather was most suitable to the vines, but a sunless summer followed, and the wines can only be of medium quality, and as stocks are so short the price will be high. *Claret:* In spite of a very wet and cool summer until September, the wines may be luscious, soft, and delicate, and the quantity considerably larger than was at first anticipated. *Hock and Moselle:* The exceedingly damp summer caused the grapes to grow very rapidly, but sunshine was missing. The prospects are for about half an average crop of useful wines.